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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1859.

LITERATURE

Letters to Benjamin Franklin from his Family and Friends: 1751—1790. (New York, Richardson; London, Trübner & Co.)

WHY men belonging to the Fourth Estate should dwell with particular pleasure and pride on the long and prosperous life of Benjamin Franklin,—wherefore among the great men of America he is the one to whom our love and esteem gather the most readily, need no explanation. Who that ever entered a printing-office—who that, owning brains, has ever had to do with type—has not found strength, hope, encouragement in his *Autobiography*? Few autobiographies are there so unaffectedly candid as Franklin's fragment. Misdeeds, hopes, experiments, all figure in the record with a clear and unadorned reality. Wherever there is genius, there will be geniality; and Franklin was a man of genius, as well as a man of power,—a man with a mind that never rested, with a curiosity that never wearied, till Death laid it to sleep,—a man whose letters and journals indicate those touches of humour which brighten the life of every one capable of humorous observation. It is a pity that the law which seems to attend autobiography involved him too:—that, intending to tell the whole story, Franklin began and got little beyond the starved, thrifty life of the printer's boy, breakfasting on peppered gruel,—taking a turn at the pleasures of London when they could be had,—in a love affair, that betwixt himself and the woman who afterwards became his wife, faulty,—in nowise up to his twenty-fifth year showing, save by intense vitality and probity, the promise of that after-career which became so dignified. We see nothing in this early time of the man who grew to be an adversary to England's Government, the envoy of a rebel and resolute people,—or of the man who, at an age little short of eighty years old, could so interest a daughter of the Cesars as to cause the Queen of the French to place her own litter at his disposal, so that the patriarch suffering under mortal disease and quitting active life might travel softly from Paris to the port of embarkation. There are few stories, we repeat, like that of Benjamin Franklin; and here is a new reminder of one of its engaging features—his strong family affections. These belonged to the genius and geniality of the printer's boy who became Plenipotentiary. Where such attachments do not exist, there may be force, arrogance that imposes, persistence that cleaves through the heart of the rock, but only imperfect greatness—assuredly no happy greatness. On Franklin's return to America, at his great age and after his signal services, the old story began anew. He conceived himself to have been ill rewarded—his recommendations slighted—his perquisites refused to him—the bit of land (on which it had been, possibly, his fond dream to establish his children's children) not voted to him by Congress. Yet nothing is more remarkable—nor to students of character more significant—than the total absence of querulousness in the tone of his memorial of claims. It is pleasant to think that this useful life was also a very happy one.

This book is a cluster of letters addressed to him by his relatives of three generations. They "have been selected from a number formerly in the possession of William Temple Franklin, and now belonging to Dr. Franklin Bache. These and the papers which have been for several years in the possession of the American Philosophical Society were formerly parts of the same collection." Like every collection of real

letters, in which the real heart has spoken, they are fascinating. Wife, sister, daughter, son-in-law, are here, and a distant friend or two, drawn to the strong man by his pleasantness,—and though obscure, not afraid to talk to him of their small concerns. What marks character, again, the majority of the correspondents here assembled are women,—some of them lowly-born and homely-bred American women, up from whose sphere he had shot, yet who seem to have had no fear of offering him the details of their daily lives and family troubles—just as familiarly as if he had not bearded England in the historical suit of Manchester velvet,—just as if he had not been feasted by France, and had not gained a solid, noticeable reputation in another world than that of politics—the world of scientific discovery.—His wife (the Deborah Read whom, as his *Memoirs* confess, he had half jilted when first in London—who had married in a pet—had married one reputed bigamist—and to whom he returned to make reparation,) writes to him anxiously when he is absent in Europe concerning *his* house, with troubles about clocks and carpets,—that anxious resolution to do no mischief by over-arranging his *cimelia*, or books, or curious machines,—and that loving, womanly determination to make his home comfortable against the time when he should come back (if those weary politics would let him), which tell what the master of the house must have been when he was at home.—Surely the following is a charming letter of its kind:—

["Fall of 1765?]

"* * * When you went from home, Billy desired to take some more of your books than what you laid out, so I got him a trunk to take them up in; and as the shelves look pretty empty, I took down the rest and dusted them, and had the shelves taken down and put up in the south garret in the new house, and Miss Elmer and myself put them up. I took all the dead letters and papers that were in the garret and put them into boxes, barrels, and bags, as I did not know in what manner you would have shelves in your room. Now this I did for several reasons: one, as it did employ my mind and keep me very busy, and as the weather was pretty good, and I should make room if Mrs. Franklin should come to town to stay any time, I was ready to receive her. Now for the room we call yours; there is in it your desk, the harmonica made like a desk, a large chest with all the writings

that were in your room down-stairs, the boxes of glass for musick and for the electricity, and all your clothes and the pictures, as I don't drive nails lest it should not be right. Salley has the south room two pair of stairs; in it is a bed, a bureau, a table, a glass, and the picture she used to have in her room, a trunk and books, but these you can't have any notion of. The north room Nancy took for her own use, and I can't tell much about it, only it has a bed and curtains, and it is kept locked. I never saw it but once, I think, except when she was ill. The blue room has the harmonica and the harpsichord in it, the gilt sconce, a card-table, a set of tea-china I bought since you went from home, the worked chairs and screen, a very handsome mahogany stand for the tea-kettle to stand on, and the ornamental china; but the room is not as yet finished, for I think the paper has lost much of the bloom by pasting of it up, therefore I thought best to leave it till you came home: the curtains are not made, nor did I press for them, as we had a very great number of flies, as it is observed they are very fond of new paint. The south room I sleep in, with my Susannah, a bed without curtains, a chest of drawers, a table, a glass, and old black-walnut chairs, some books in my closet, and some of our family pictures. In the front room, which I designed for * * * *, I had the bed which you sent from England, a chamber mahogany table and stand: in the room down-stairs is the side-board that you bespoke, which is very handsome and plain, with two tables made to suit it, and a dozen

of chairs also. I sold to Mr. Foxcroft the tables we had, as they did not suit the room by any means. The patterns of the chairs are a plain horsehair, and look as well as a paddusoy; everybody admires them. The little south room I had papered, as the walls were much soiled; in that is a pretty card-table and our chairs that used to stand in the parlour, and ornamental china over the fireplace; on the floor, a carpet I bought cheap for the goodness; it is not quite new. The large carpet is in the blue room; the fire not made yet. In the room for our friends the picture of the Earl of Bute is hung up, and a glass. This is but a very imperfect account. In the parlour there is a Scotch carpet which was found much fault with, and your timepiece stands in one corner, which is all wrong, I am told; so then I tell them we shall have all these as they should be when you come home. As to curtains, I leave it to you to do as you like yourself; or if, as we talked before you went away, if you could meet with a Turkey carpet I should like it, but if not I shall be very easy, as all these things are become quite indifferent to me at this time; but, since you do so kindly inquire what things I want, I will tell you that when Mrs. Franklin came to town and went to the assembly, Salley had nothing fit to wear suitable to wait on her; and as I never should have put on in your absence anything good, I gave Salley my new robe as it wanted very little altering: I should be glad if you would bring me a plain satin gown, and if our cousin would make me a little lace of a proper width for a cape or two, I should like it as it was their making, and a light cloak such as you sent for Salley, but it must be bigger than hers. I should have had that, but it was too small for me. In the north room we sit, as it is not quite finished yet, as the doors are not up; we have a table and chairs, and the small bookcase, brother John's picture, and the king and queen's picture, and a small Scotch carpet on the floor. I desire you to remember drinking-glasses and a large table-cloth or two when you come, but I shan't want them till then. If you should meet with a pair of silver canisters I should like it; as you please, everything I have mentioned. When I say doors, it is the closet doors; they are glazed, but it was unknown to me; they are in your room. I shall count the panes, and send to you. The crane was put up this week, and not before; the rails not done as yet, but promised soon to be done. O my child, there is great odds between a man's being at home and abroad; as everybody is afraid they shall do wrong; so everything is left undone. * * All the chimneys that I have used are very good. I have baked in the oven, and it is good."

Those who love character may compare this American wife's catalogue of all the "conveniences," "launchings out," and reserved points of taste, with Scott's own pride (as it has been called) in the furnishing of Abbotsford.—For all these things Franklin must have cared, or Mistress Deborah would never have elaborated the list to such a minuteness.—Genial people do care for these things; albeit not bound by them.—The ascetics have their reward in another way.

"Salley," who had "nothing fit to wear," was Franklin's only daughter, Mrs. Bache. This "Salley" seems to have given some trouble to both her parents in regard to what was fitting. Not having had to "rough it," as they had done before her, and being, as a sketch prefixed to these letters shows, a rather handsome person, "Salley" displayed more ardour for indulgence and luxury than the Author of 'Poor Richard' could countenance. She seems, however, to have shown the stout spirit of her father's daughter during the troubles in Philadelphia. Good Mrs. Deborah Franklin did not live to see the ravage of the house she had arranged with such care for the great man's return. She died in December, 1774, at an advanced age. A letter of Mr. W. Franklin, announcing his "poor old mother's" death, to

her husband, and telling how he had much-a-do to make his way from Amboy through the snow in time for the funeral, is touching:—

"Her death was no more than might be reasonably expected after the paralytic stroke she received some time ago, which greatly affected her memory and understanding. She told me when I took leave of her on my removal to Amboy, that she never expected to see you unless you returned this winter, for that she was sure she should not live till next summer. I heartily wish you had happened to have come over in the fall, as I think her disappointment in that respect preyed a good deal on her spirits."

Four years later the Baches had to leave Philadelphia. After nine months' exile,—

"I found [writes Mr. Bach] your house and furniture upon my return to town in much better order than I had any reason to expect from the hands of such a rapacious crew; they stole and carried off with them some of your musical instruments, viz., a Welsh harp, ball harp, the set of tuned bells which were in a box, viol-de-gamba, all the spare armonica glasses, and one or two spare cases; your armonica is safe. They took likewise the few books that were left behind, the chief of which were Temple's school-books, and the history of the Arts and Sciences in French, which is a great loss to the public; some of your electric apparatus is missing also. A Capt. André also took with him the picture of you which hung in the dining-room."

There were jubilations in Philadelphia when the Baches got home. On this the love of fine clothes began to blossom in "Salley," who set up the plaints of want. One of Franklin's most humorous and affectionate letters is the well-known answer to his daughter's following lively and characteristic epistle:—

Philadelphia, January 17, 1779.

"Dear and honoured Papa,—I did myself the pleasure of writing a long letter to you very lately, but am afraid it is taken, as I believe many of yours are. I am unwilling to think you neglect us, though Mr. Ingersoll's coming from France without letters from you has given me great uneasiness. He lodged, too, in the same house with little Ben, and not a line from him. I hope soon, however, to be made happy with letters from you all. The present you sent me this month two years, I received a few weeks ago; 'tis a prize, indeed. It

came open, without direction or letter, and has come through three or four hands. I have received six pairs of gloves, nine papers of needles, a bundle of thread, and five papers of pins. I beg if you or Temple remember what was sent, you will let me know. The last person to whose care they were given left them at a hair-dresser's, with directions not to send them to me till he was gone. Their being all opened makes me suspect I have not all; what I have received makes me rich. I thought them long ago in the enemies' hands. The prices of every thing here are so much raised that it takes a fortune to feed a family in a very plain way: a pair of gloves 7 dollars, one yard of common gauze 24 dollars, and there never was so much dressing and pleasure going on; old friends meeting again, the Whigs in high spirits, and strangers of distinction among us. I have taken the liberty of sending a small list to you by Col. Crenis. Mr. Bach has sent bills to Jonathan Williams for many things for me and the family, but I have had some other little wants since that time. The Minister was kind enough to offer me some fine white flannel, and has spared me eight yards. I wish to have it in my power to return as good to him, which I beg you will enable me to do. I shall have great pride in wearing any thing you send, and showing it as my father's taste. I have dined at the Minister's, spent an evening at Mr. Holker's, and have lately been several times invited abroad with the General and Mrs. Washington. He always inquires after you in the most affectionate manner, and speaks of you highly. We danced at Mrs. Powell's your birth-day, or night I should say, in company together, and he told me it was the anniversary of his marriage; it was just twenty years that night. My boy and girl are in health; the

latter has ten teeth, can dance, sing, and make faces, tho' she cannot talk, except the word *no* and *be done*, which she makes great use of. She is Ben over again, except a larger mouth. How happy I should be to see her seated on your knee. She is just such a plaything as Will was when you came home last. I must tell you a little anecdote of him, and ask you if it is not time to teach him a little religion. He had heard a foolish girl that lived with me say that there was a death-watch in the room, and one of the family would soon die. He had not been long in bed before he came down in his shirt, screaming. I soon sent him up, and asking him in the morning how he could behave so, and what was the matter, he told me he thought death was coming. I was so frightened, says he, that I sweat all over, and I jumped out of bed and prayed up to Hercules. I asked him what he said? Down he went on his knees, with uplifted hands (I think I never saw such a picture of devotion), and repeated the Lord's Prayer. Now, whether it is best to instruct him in a little religion, or let him pray a little longer to Hercules, I should be glad to have your opinion. Mr. Duffield's family desired when I wrote to remember them to you; the youngest daughter I have introduced this winter to the Assembly. She is like the mother. The Ambassador told me he thought her a great acquisition to the Assembly. They lodge with us when in town. I have a piece of American silk which I shall send to you for the Queen. It will make me happy if she condescends to wear it. It shall come by the first safe opportunity. I showed it to M. Gerard, whose opinion was that it would be acceptable. I wish much that he had brought his lady with him. I should be tempted to learn French if she was among us. He is very much beloved here. I feel a veneration for him, mixed with so much affection, that when he was confined by indisposition I went uninvited with Mr. Bach to see him. Mr. B. wrote to you this morning. My brother was well at N. York about a week ago. If Col. Crenis does not go away early I will write to Temple. This is all the paper I have, and it is Sunday. Remember me to dear Ben. I long for another little French letter."

Gauze, feathers,—a prayer to Hercules, from a child whom it was high time to teach religion,—American silk for Marie Antoinette,—what a list is here!—This was the January petition, which drew down that capital reply, in which Franklin complains of hearing so seldom (the fault of the times), and goes on—

"I was charmed with the account you give me of your industry, the table-cloths of your spinning, &c. &c., but the latter part of the paragraph, because weaving and flax were grown dear, alas! that dissolved the charm, and your sending for long black pins, and lace, and feathers! disgusted me as much as if you had put salt into my strawberries. The spinning, I see, is laid aside, and you are to be dressed for the ball! * * As you say you should 'have great pride in wearing anything I send, and showing it as your father's taste,' I must avoid giving you an opportunity of doing that with either lace or feathers. If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace; and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every cock's tail."

Salley duly repented in a September *Peccavi*; but her answer, with all its disclaimers and explanations, that she didn't want lace, and wouldn't wear feathers, and preferred, on the whole, to stay at home, is too long to be given here; however, it shows that Franklin's children did and did not fear him.

There is a third woman, whose letters have a colour of their own—Mrs. Jane Mecom, Franklin's favourite sister, of whom he never lost sight. This was a thrifty creature, who seems to have brought up her family in narrow circumstances.—Here is a fragment from a letter, dated 1766, addressed by her to her brother in London:—

"You once told me, my dear brother, that as

our number of brethren and sisters lessened, the affections of those of us that remain should increase to each other. You and I only are now left; my affection for you has always been so great I see no room for increase, and you have manifested yours to me in such large measure that I have no reason to suspect its strength, and, therefore, know it will be agreeable to you to hear that myself and the children I have the care of are in no worse situation than when I last wrote you, and should rejoice to hear the same of you, since I understand by sister you were in an ill state of health, and thought proper to travel for the recovery of it. I hope in God you have recovered it, and will live long to make your enemies ashamed. Your answers to the Parliament are thought by the best judges to exceed all that has been wrote on the subject, and, being given in the manner they were, are a proof they proceeded from principle, and sufficient to stop the mouths of all gainsayers. The vile pretended letter, which no doubt you have seen, gave me some uneasiness when I heard of it before I could get a sight of it, as considering where a great deal of dirt is flung some is apt to stick; but when I read it I saw it was filled with such bare-faced falsehoods as confuted themselves. Their treatment of you, among other things, makes the world appear a miserable world to me, notwithstanding your good opinion of it; for, would you think it, our General Court has sat almost a fortnight, chiefly on the subject of indemnifying the sufferers by the late mobs, and can't get a vote for it, though they sit late in the evening, and the friends of it strive hard to get it accomplished. I have six good, honest old souls who come groaning home day by day at the stupidity of their brethren. I can't help interesting myself in the case, and feel in more panics till they have brought the matter to a conclusion. I write this in hopes you will be in England when this gets there, and that you will find time to write me a few lines by the bearer, Captain Freeman, when he returns. And I have a small request to ask, though it is too trifling a thing for you to take care of: Mrs. Stevenson, I don't doubt, will be so good as to do it if you will give her the materials. It is to procure me some fine old linen or cambric (as a very old shirt or cambric handkerchief), dyed into bright colours, such as red and green, a little blue, but chiefly red; for, with all my own art, and good old uncle Benjamin's memorandums, I can't make them good colours; and my daughter Jenny, with a little of my assistance, has taken to making flowers for the ladies' heads and bosoms with pretty good acceptance, and if I can procure those colours, I am in hopes we shall get something by it worth our pains if we live till spring. It is no matter how old the linen is—I am afraid you never have any bad enough."

Many notices of Franklin's help to Mrs. Mecom appear in these letters; and, as we wind through them, many notices, too, of connexions, the most remote of whom seems to have profited by the rise of the great man of the family—e. g., this passage from a letter, dated 1757:—

"Our sister Davenport had a daughter Dorcas, whom married to a Mr. Stickney and lived at Newbury. He was a chairmaker by trade, but never loved work; but that is not the thing: they had been so long dead and I had no remembrance of their leaving any children, and had never seen any of them, that I suppose I did not think of the family when I wrote the list. When I received your letter our streets were impassable by any means for old folks, but a few days after I sent to Mrs. Williams to enquire what she knew about them, and had for answer, all she knew of the man who wrote to you was, that he was a good-for-nothing, impudent, lazy fellow, just like his father. I thought, however, as he had an aunt in the town, I would know something further before I answered your letter. I therefore got a carriage and went to her and enquired about the family. She told me that when her sister was married, her husband's mother and grandfather were living on a little estate they had in Newbury, where he also carried his wife, after trying to live by shopkeeping in this town, but having so little means of support, they became exceeding poor; in

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which time, she says, you went to see them and made them a handsome present (I suppose at the time you put out your shoulder at Portsmouth). His grandfather lived to be above ninety years old, but he and his daughter dying left the house to our cousin, but they could not feed long upon that. He therefore took a prudent step, sold it and bought a good farm at Derry, and went to live on it, where his wife helped to work on it, and they got to live extraordinary well, but she, Mrs. Rogers thinks, shortened her days by too hard labour, and her husband died soon after her and left the farm to this man and a sister, who are all the children they left, and do very well. She says he has a good character of a sober, honest man, but does not increase his estate, as one told her he entertained too many strangers in hopes of entertaining angels unawares.

In other of this busy woman's epistles, which have a pleasant flavour of Old World raciness, we find her making the best of a bad match which her daughter had contracted with Capt. Collas, a Guernsey man, one of those unlucky schemers who are never getting on—giving such Boston news as the opening of the "first mass-house" there—breaking out into a pretty sharp denunciation against an artful Nantucket cousin, one—

"Kezia Coffin, who was many years like a sister to me and a great friend to my children. She sent me two very affectionate letters when the town was shut up, inviting me to come to her and she would sustain me—that was her word; and had I received them before I left the town, I should certainly have gone, but a wise and good Providence ordered it otherwise. She took to the wrong side, and exerted herself by every method she could devise, right or wrong, to accomplish her designs and favour the Britons; went into large trade with them and for them, and by mismanagement and not succeeding in her endeavours, has sunk every farthing they were ever possessed of, and have been in jail, both her husband at Nantucket and herself at Halifax. She was always thought to be an artful woman, but there are such extraordinary stories told of her as is hard to be believed. The two Jenkinses, Seth and Thomas, stood in the same relation to us, and always very affectionate to me. They were at Philadelphia when I was there. You spoke something for them at Congress. They were men of considerable property, and had a great quantity of oil in their stores, when a vessel belonging to the Tories went down and robbed them of all. It was proved that Kezia pointed it out to them; the owners prosecuted her, and she was brought up to Boston to stand trial, but I think there was no final condemnation at court. She says they could not find evidence: they say the evidence was so strong that had they suffered it to come into court it would have hanged her, and so they suppressed it, not being willing it should proceed so far."

In the latter days of Mrs. Mecom's life, her thoughts seem to have concentrated themselves on the making of soap, and her anxiety to know whether the old ambassador approved of the same when duly forwarded to him.—There are some to whom the best "family piece" by Vander Helst says no more than "the seven Miss Flambourghs with their seven china oranges,"—and whose relish for minute traits of character and pictures of manners now for ever gone by is less than ours. On these readers we must have mercy. But to ourselves such genuine books, innocent of the bookmaker's art, are captivating; especially when their contents brighten the home light which surrounds a great and energetic and honourable public man.

British Novelist and their Styles; being a Critical Sketch of the History of British Prose Fiction. By David Masson, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.)

No more inviting theme can offer itself than the one which Mr. Masson has chosen. The novel is the most sympathetic medium,—the novelist

the truest wizard of modern times. Thousands of country houses gather periodical light or suffer temporary penumbra from the arrival of the one, or the failure of the other. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the death of Little Dombev caused a national mourning; and in one busy capital we are informed that the new number of 'My Novel' was contended for with an eagerness which is only usually accorded to the Money article on the middle sheet of the *Times*. The fact is, we have all, even the most practical and operative, a quiet corner of romance in our hearts, over which wave the shadows of by-gone story and fable, and into which in some interlunar moment glide those loving little elves, which Charles Lamb has prettily named our "dream children." The tales of hunchbacks and Afreets, of wondrous lamps and magic palaces, which for so many moons have thrilled into delectable horror the nerves of mercantile Arabs, have still a surprising charm for the readers in Manchester and Birmingham Free Libraries. Cold Laps and Fins warn into intellectual interest at the sorrows of Little Nell, or the unconscious humour of Barkis,—and disconnected as we are, by many cold degrees, from the land of seals and white bears, from the scenery of mist and snow, there are none who can read "dry-eyed" the love-chase of Anningait and Ajut. Your novelist, who has any stuff in him, makes the whole world kin. Whether he traverse the stones of Cairo or Bagdad, or consider mankind from Wine - Office Court or a printer's office, or observes the world in the disguise of a flute-player, a schoolmaster, or a doctor,—whether he be an idler in Bedfordshire or Derbyshire lanes, or acquire his style by conversation among sailors and gypsies, pirates or negroes, *habituel* of the Marshalsea or the Bench,—he is the only real monarch, for he holds all men in sympathy or fear.

As illustrative of the nature of the novel, Mr. Masson quotes an apposite remark of Baron Bunsen's in his Preface to 'Debit and Credit,'— "Every romance is intended or ought to be a new Iliad or Odyssey,"—a sentence which he subsequently exemplifies and explains, somewhat *more Germanicorum*, as "a poetic representation of a course of events consistent with the highest laws of moral government, whether it delineate the general history of a people (the Iliad as type), or narrate the fortunes of a chosen hero (the Odyssey as type)." This means, in other words, we suppose, that a novel in prose is the counterpart of the epic in verse, and ought to be more or less true, probable, and, above all, moral,—which three conditions a good many old-fashioned and new-fashioned novels do not satisfy. Neither Rabelais nor the 'Nouvelle Héloïse' is "consistent with the highest laws of moral government,"—nor is "the general history of a people," nor are "the fortunes of a chosen hero," the subject of 'Vanity Fair.' The earlier novels amuse us by their surprising incongruities and latitude of fable. They utterly contemn the unities. They are fuller of vice than of virtue. Dragons, griffins, demons, bandits, pirates, malicious genii have the best of it. Nobody reads Petronius, Apuleius, or Lucian (from whom he borrowed) for example of life or instruction of manners, though there is infinite poetic beauty and value in both. The "Gestes" of ancient heroes as little point a moral as the "Lives of Saints." They are prolix, morbid, and tedious compositions, reflecting the sterility of the deserts, among which their monkish authors were confined, and the superstitious world in which they had their being, rather than the large and communicative world we have been born into. "The general impression," Mr. Masson eloquently says,

"which they leave is stifling, and even appalling—as of a world shattered into fragments, each inhabited fragment stagnant and pestilential, and healthy motion nowhere save in some inland spots of grassy solitude, and in the breezes that blow over the separating bits of sea." "The East was undoubtedly the shore of old romance"—and thence, tinged with Oriental hue and colour, the novel was imported to Spain and Italy. To Asia and Syria belong the victories of the 'Champions of Christendom'; and 'Jack the Giant-Killer' is of exceedingly respectable origin, being the latest account of Corineus the Trojan, the companion of the Trojan Brutus, when he first settles in Britain.

An exuberance of Eastern colour is to be found in Cervantes, in the 'King Arthur,' and even in the 'Arcadia.' The East leans in her balcony, and flings a necklace of pearls on the world. Roses and violets strew the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the meadows are enamelled, the rivers of silver, and the thicketts "lined with shade."

Mr. Masson's work consists of a series of lectures which were delivered at the Philosophical Institute, in Edinburgh. The nature of the novel, which Mr. Masson considers a sort of prose epic, is rather lightly treated in the first. Lightly glancing at Green's stories, at Orrery's translation of Madame Seudéri, at the publications of Aphra Behn and Bunyan, Mr. Masson commences his second lecture with the birth of the British novel, "which may be considered to have begun in Swift and Defoe." Henceforward England "had done with the sublimities" and entered upon the era of prose and fact. Contemporary life and manners are presented with coarse and blunt taste, and a Bacchanalian humour. Swift is, in fact, the Rubens of his age, and paints flesh in the fleshiest way. From the satirical author of 'Gulliver' and the 'Tale of a Tub,' we turn to the Ostade-like interiors of Sterne, to the miniatures of Addison and Steele, by whom passing life is pourtrayed with the delicacy of Leslie and the feeling of Hobbema. On the manner and the ethics of Richardson and Fielding nothing can be wiser nor juster than Coleridge's remark, "I do loathe the cant which can recommend 'Pamela' and 'Clarissa Harlowe' as strictly moral, while 'Tom Jones' is prohibited as loose. There is in the latter a cheerful, sunshiny, breezy spirit, that prevails everywhere, strongly contrasted with the close, hot, day-dreamy continuity of Richardson." For Smollett Mr. Masson has a countryman's affection, and he enters a literary appeal for the author of 'Tristram Shandy' against the severe judgment of Mr. Thackeray.

Allowing for the disagreeable impression conveyed by his letters, and the unpleasant expression of Reynolds's portrait of Sterne, Mr. Masson puts in for him a plea "of sensibility, grace, insinuating delicacy, light lucidity, and diamond-like sparkle."

It was impossible for a Scotchman lecturing in Edinburgh to criticize Scott, and accordingly Mr. Masson's third lecture is a panegyric. Over and above, with the "perfervidum ingenuum Scotorum," Mr. Masson eulogizes Scott's contemporaries:—

"Among the 70,000 souls, or *thereby*, who then constituted the population of Edinburgh, there was a greater proportionate number of men of intellectual and literary eminence than in any other British community, not excepting London. A *North British Literature*—so to be named as being distinct from that general British Literature which had London for its centre, and which reckoned among its contributors those Scotchmen and Irishmen, as well as Englishmen, who chanced to have made London their home—had by this time come into existence and established itself."

This distinct North British literature, which has not its centre in London, has apparently passed out of existence, or has "established itself" only in Mr. Masson's fancy.

The one unfortunate defect which Mr. Masson laments in Scott was lack of metaphysics. Had he but been metaphysical he might then have equalled Shakespeare. In other respects Scott was true to his country,—the scenes "of no fewer than 19 out of the whole 29 of his novels being laid wholly or in part in Scotland." From the national and the medieval novel Mr. Masson passes to the Gothic and the school of Mrs. Radcliffe, which he considers a direct result of the French Revolution.

"In that crisis the Gothic depths of the Western European mind were broken into; and though, politically, the immediate effect was a disgust of the past and a longing towards the future as the era of human emancipation, yet, intellectually, the effect was a contempt for classic modes of fancy and composition, and a letting loose of the imagination upon Nature in her wildest and grandest recesses, and upon whatever in human history could supply aught in affinity with the furious workings of contemporary passion. The Gothic Romance of the picturesque and the ghastly afforded the necessary conditions. Gloomy Gothic castles in wild valleys, with forests clothing the neighbouring hills; lawless banditti hovering round; the moon bowing fearfully through clouds over inland scenes of horror, or illuminating with its full blue light Italian bays and fated spots on their promontories; monks, tyrannical chieftains, and inquisitors; shrieks in the night, supernatural noises, the tolling of the bell, the heavy footstep in the corridor;—'Hark! it approaches; save me, save me!—at that instant, the flash of lightning through the Gothic window; the door dashed open; the unnameable apparition; the roar of the simultaneous thunder; 'Ye powers of Hell!'—No, Heaven has its messengers too; the voice cries 'Forbear; she's saved! Of all the practitioners of this style of art, need I say that Mrs. Radcliffe is the chief? She has been called the *Salvator Rosa* of British prose fiction; and, in reference to her 'Sicilian Romance,' her 'Romance of the Forest,' her 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' and her 'Italian,' Sir Walter Scott has but done her justice when he says: 'Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and even Walpole, though writing upon imaginative subjects, are decidedly prose authors; but Mrs. Radcliffe has a title to be considered the first poetess of romantic fiction—that is, if actual rhythm shall not be deemed essential to poetry.' Mrs. Radcliffe's romances are, indeed, of a wholly fantastic kind of Gothic, with no whit of foundation in actual knowledge of medieval history. Her characters are but vague melodramatic phantoms that fit through her descriptions of scenery, and serve as agents for her terrific situations. There is something like treachery also to the true theory of her style in her habit of always solving the mystery at the end by purely natural explanations. Monk Lewis and others of the school were more daring in this respect."

A list of the novels published since Scott's time the author considers too formidable a work to attempt, but presents his readers with some remarkable statistics:

"The British Museum authorities cannot be sure that they receive copies of all the novels published in the British Islands; but it is likely that their collection is more complete, for the period with which we are now concerned, than any other that exists. Now, I have been informed that the number of novels standing on the shelves of the British Museum Library as having been published in Britain in the year 1820—i.e. when the Waverley Novels were at the height of their popularity—is 26 in all, counting 76 volumes; that, ten years later, or in 1830, when the Waverley series was nearly finished, the yield to the Library in this department had increased to 101 books, or 205 volumes within the year; that, twenty years later, or in 1850, the yield was 98 books or 210 volumes; and that for the year 1856, the yield was 88 books

or 201 volumes. Taking these data as approximately accurate, they give us the curious fact that the annual yield of British novels had been quadrupled by the time of Scott's death as compared with what it had been when he was in the middle of his Waverley series—having risen from 26 a year, or a new novel every fortnight, to about 100 a year, or nearly two new novels every week; and, moreover, that this proportion of about 100 new novels every year, or two every week, has continued pretty steadily since Scott's death, or, if there has been any change, has fallen off lately rather than increased. Making an average calculation from these facts, I find that there may have been in all about 3,000 novels, counting about 7,000 separate volumes, produced in these islands since the publication of 'Waverley.' And this corresponds pretty well with a calculation made on independent grounds. In the London Book Catalogue, giving a classified Index of all books published in Great Britain from the year 1816 to the year 1851 inclusive, the novels or works of prose fiction occupy twenty-two pages, and amount to about 3,300 separate entries. In this list, however, reprints of old novels as well as translations and reprints of imported novels are included. Balancing these against the probable yield of the six years, from 1852 to 1857 inclusive, not embraced in the Catalogue, I believe that my calculation, as just stated, may pass as near the truth."

Yet, a classification of novels Mr. Masson attempts thus, somewhat curiously:—*The Novel of Scottish Life and Manners*,—the Novel of Irish Life and Manners,—the Novel of English Life and Manners,—the Fashionable Novel,—the Traveller's Novel,—the Military Novel,—and the Naval Novel,—the Novel of Supernatural Phantasy,—the Art and Culture Novel,—and the Historical Novel.

Of the two great novelists of the day, he thus speaks:—

"With the two writers, according to the serial system, it seems to be, whether by arrangement or by necessity, as with Castor and Pollux; both cannot be above the horizon of the publishing world at once, and, when the one is there, the other takes his turn in *Tartarus*. But whether simultaneously visible or alternate, the two are now so closely associated in the public mind that whenever the one is mentioned the other is thought of. It is now Dickens and Thackeray, Thackeray and Dickens, all the world over. Nay, not content with associating them, people have got into the habit of contrasting them and naming them in opposition to each other. There is a Dickens faction, and there is a Thackeray faction; and there is no debate more common, wherever literary talk goes on, than the debate as to the respective merits of Dickens and Thackeray. Perhaps there is a certain ungraciousness in our thus always comparing and contrasting the two writers. We ought to be but too glad that we have such a pair of contemporaries, yet living and in their prime, to cheer on against each other. I felt this strongly once when I saw the two men together. The occasion was historic. It was in June, 1857; the place was Norwood Cemetery. A multitude had gathered there to bury a man known to both of them, and who had known both of them well—a man whom we have had incidentally to name as holding a place, in some respects peculiar, in the class of writers to which they belong, though his most effective place was in a kindred department of literature; a man, too, of whom I will say that, let the judgment on his remaining writings be permanently what it may, and let tongues have spoken of him this or that awry, there breathed not, to my knowledge, within the unwholesome bounds of what is specially London, any one in whose actual person there was more of the pith of energy at its tensest, of that which in a given myriad anywhere distinguished the one. How like a little Nelson he stood, dashing back his hair, and quivering for the verbal combat! The flash of his wit, in which one quality the island had not his match, was but the manifestation easiest to be observed of a mind compact of sense and information, and of a soul generous and on fire. And now all that remained of Jerrold was

enclosed within the leaden coffin which entered the cemetery gates. As it passed one saw Dickens among the bearers of the pall, his uncovered head of genius stooped, and the wind blowing his hair. Close behind came Thackeray; and, as the slow procession wound up the hill to the chapel, the crowd falling into it in twos and threes and increasing its length, his head was to be seen by the later ranks, towering far in the front above all the others, like that of a marching Saul. And so up to the little chapel they moved; and, after the service for the dead, down again to another slope of the hill, where, by the side of one of the walks, and opposite to the tombstone of Blanchard, Jerrold's grave was open. There the last words were read; the coffin was lowered; and the two, among hundreds of others, looked down their farewell. And so, dead at the age of fifty-four, Jerrold was left in his solitary place, where the rains were to fall, and the nights were to roll overhead, and but now and then, on a summer's day, a chance stroller would linger in curiosity; and back into the roar of London dispersed the funeral crowd. Among those remitted to the living were the two of whom we speak, aged, the one forty-five, the other forty-six. Why not be thankful that the great city had two such men still known to its streets; why too curiously institute comparisons between them?"

And of their styles:—

"'Dickens,' I then said, 'can give you a landscape proper—a piece of the rural English earth in its summer or in its winter dress, with a bit of water and a village spire in it; he can give you, what painters seldom attempt, a great patch of flat country by night, with the red trail of a railway-train traversing the darkness; he can succeed in a sea-piece; he can describe the crowded quarter of a city, or the main street of a country town, by night or by day; he can paint a garden, sketch the interior of a cathedral, or photograph the interior of a hut or of a drawing-room; he can even be minute in his delineations of single articles of dress or of furniture. Take him again in the Figure department. Here he can be an animal painter, with Landseer, when he likes, as witness his dogs, ponies and ravens; he can be a historical painter, as witness his description of the Gordon Riots; he can be a caricaturist, like Leech; he can give you a bit of village-life with Wilkie; he can paint a haggard scene of low city life, so as to remind one of some of the Dutch artists, or a pleasant family scene, gay or sentimental, reminding one of MacLise, or of Frank Stone; he can body forth romantic conceptions of terror or beauty that have arisen in his imagination; he can compose a fantastic fairy piece; he can even succeed in a dream or allegory, where the figures are hardly human. The range of Thackeray, on the other hand, is more restricted. In the landscape department, he can give you a quiet little bit of background, such as a park, a clump of trees, or the vicinity of a country-house, with a village seen in the sunset; a London street also, by night or by day, is familiar to his eye; but, on the whole, his scenes are laid in those more habitual places of resort where the business or the pleasure of aristocratic or middle-class society goes on—a pillared clubhouse in Pall Mall, the box or pit of a theatre, a brilliant reception room, in Mayfair, a public dancing-room, a newspaper office, a shop in Paternoster Row, the interior of a married man's house, or a bachelor's chambers in the Temple. And his choice of subjects from the life corresponds. Men and women as they are, and as they behave daily in the charmed circles of rank, literature, and fashion, are the objects of Mr. Thackeray's pencil; and in his delineations of them, he seems to unite the strong and fierce characteristics of Hogarth, with a touch both of Wilkie and MacLise, and not a little of that regular grace and bloom of colouring which charm us in the groups of Watteau. Within his range, the merit of superior care, clearness, and finish may be assigned to Thackeray; but there are passages in Dickens—such as the description of the storm on the East Coast in his 'Copperfield'—to which, for visual weirdliness, there is nothing comparable in the pages of his rival."

The review of novelists ends with Mr. Kings-

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ley and the Author of 'Tom Brown'—to both of whom Mr. Masson pays a merited compliment.

The Emotions and the Will. By Alexander Bain, A.M. (Parker & Son.)

A very well wrought book of more than six hundred rather close pages is at any time a difficult matter to adapt to our space. But when it must be added that the subject is psychological; that it is devoted to that branch of psychology which has seldom been treated apart and in full, and that it attempts more of system and of connexion with other parts than is usual,—our readers will at once see that much discussion and complete description are alike impossible. Mr. Bain has affixed his name to the subject as one of its standard authors, and, we think we may say, as the one who has most thoroughly embraced all the details of his subject. He will long be quoted, opposed, defended, eulogized, sneered at, represented, and misrepresented. His name will be duly punned upon: if any answer should appear of an extent commensurate with that of his work, the respondent will be called the *antidote*. In short, he will be a standard author in all the forms. Whether more shall have to be said, whether he will be hereafter appealed to as a standard *authority* as well as a standard *author*, is a point on which we will not pronounce. The work is large, the subject is wide, and, in spite of all that has been written, the field is almost new. We find a great deal of fresh thought and of new illustration. We leave posterity—including what is yet to come of our own generation—to do its own work; and we venture to predict that Mr. Bain will be cited with great respect by every future writer on the subject who shall have faith enough in his own views to enable him to be just to those of others.

We think all the better of this book that we cannot call it either a system or a theory. The author himself does not seem to put it forward in either character; but he has taken much pains to connect the parts of his subject with their physical accompaniments. This is in truth one of the most remarkable parts of his treatise.

Mr. Bain divides the mind into Emotion, Volition, and Intellect. Of the last he has treated in another work; of the first two he treats here. The Emotions, the Will, the Moral Sense and Habits, Belief, and Consciousness, are the great heads: a table of contents of twenty-three pages gives but a meagre idea of the filling up. There is little of that marked character which invites quotation: the style is plainly correct, and sufficiently clear, but not helped forward by anything like brilliancy or piquancy. One point about it is a great help to the reader: it abounds in short sentences, especially in those *shortest* sentences which do the duty of the old-fashioned side-note. Of technical knowledge there is a good deal, and, we believe, correctly put forward: the worst we have to say against this point of character is, that Mr. Bain calls musical intervals *chords*, and should have called them *concord*.

Among the emotions is one which Mr. Bain calls the *ethical* emotion, meaning the *moral sense*—the *feeling* of right and wrong. Many writers, even in our own time, have confounded this feeling with the corresponding judgment upon the matter. Mr. Bain has avoided this error in few words. Just as all mankind agree in having the feeling of belief and unbelief, though they do not agree as to the matters believed, or as to the causes producing belief, so they possess a faculty of approbation and reprobation, though this faculty does not guide

to results, any more than the mere power and necessity of believing or disbelieving is a guide to conclusions. The adult man, educated by others of his species, is provided with a stock of things believed and disbelieved, and also with a stock of things approved and disapproved; and has formed habits of analogizing from the things with which his mind is filled to the current things of each new day. The world has learnt to grant an innate power, which is sure to be developed, of believing and disbelieving, with full perception that the what-to-believe and the what-to-disbelieve are determined by circumstances independent of this power. This is as clear to most persons as that the possession of a pair of scissors is not in itself sufficient to determine what will be cut by them. But the same world is not equally prepared to perceive that the power of approving and disapproving, of which we know nothing but that it exists and acts, is not necessarily connected with any particular what-to-approve or what-to-disapprove. Men think, and are supported in it by many philosophers, that they are furnished with a conscience-test by which to find out the right and the wrong, as well as a conscience-feeling of the distinction. And they think this in face of the known fact, that there is not one single rule of morality on which all men have been agreed in all time.

Mr. Bain, having clearly distinguished the approving and disapproving faculty from its exercise as determined by circumstances, proceeds—going out of his subject under very great temptation—to settle the question whence moral rules really arise. And his conclusion is, that the rules which prevail in most, if not all communities, are founded partly on utility and partly on sentiment, that is, on liking and disliking; and here we think he has failed to give a satisfactory account. We believe that he has named what certainly would produce moral rules, of one sort or another, and very quickly too. But when we come to the question, what has produced the moral rules under which men actually live, the smallest thought is enough to assure us, that we cannot settle anything, until we settle whether that reference to the will and the teaching of the Creator, which is all but universal among nations, is or is not founded on fact.

This is a point on which we live in a curious state of convention. The moralist shuts his eyes on the question we have just propounded, and treats his subject apart from its religious element entirely. His critics hold themselves equally bound to abstain, except only in purely theological quarters. Our journal not being theological, we are therefore precluded; but we may go so far as to refer our readers to an ancient writing, in which a certain dilemma arose out of the question whether a certain baptism was from Heaven or of men: if they can find the passage, they will see that the dilemma still exists.

Diary of the Marches of the Royal Army during the Great Civil War; kept by Richard Symonds. Now first published from the Original MS. in the British Museum. Edited by Charles Edward Long, M.A. (Printed for the Camden Society.)

This old-new work, given to the public by the Camden Society, reveals to us a novel character of the period of the great Civil War. The Symondses had stout fighters in both camps, —cousin against cousin met at Naseby. The Richard of the Diary was a gentleman-trooper in the Royalist body of horse commanded by Lord Bernard Stuart, a son of the Duke of Lenox. Of his feats of arms, he says little,—

from which we infer that he was a brave, modest man, who did his duty without thinking overmuch of the service he rendered. He joined the King's army early; and his reasons for doing so would seem to have been some other besides his undoubted attachment to the cause of Charles and the Cavaliers. In short, Master Symonds was a sort of "Old Mortality" in his way, and however much and willingly he may have struck in at a *mélée* with the rough riders among the Parliamentarians, still more laboriously and lovingly did he labour in another direction.

Thus, no sooner is a fray over, or a day's march at an end, than the Royalist trooper issues forth, at the first opportunity, from his quarters, and visits the neighbouring church or mansion,—memorandum-book and pencil in hand. His object is to note down all the monuments defaced, and inscriptions erased, by the anti-episcopal Roundheads,—or, in mansions and farm-houses, to say a word or two, when his keen eye detects among the adorments of either locality a remnant of some abbey or priory of the olden time. Often, he must have been disappointed,—finding the church monuments and epigraphs intact. These he copies, lest the Parliamentarians should subsequently destroy them. Perhaps, he discovers cause for the respect paid to some of the monuments before which he stands, after a hard fight or a wearisome march. He has turned the matter over in his mind; there are names engraven on the stones which offend him, or his loyal principles. They have been borne by men whose kin are "rebels" and "no gentlemen,"—hence the escape of the tombs from violation. In the same spirit, he visits country-houses and farms. The in-dwellers, or those who once were so, are angels if they happen to be on "our side,"—but they are *rogues* and *fellows* if they belong to the opposite party. Amid them all, trooper Symonds finds a world of endless, quiet, loving—and, to us, useful—labour. He has preserved many a record, dry enough in itself, but of importance to the antiquary, the genealogist, and the herald. He is proud to copy an inscription, however dilapidated. He is happy to transfer every perfect epitaph over the grave of gentle blood, in church or God's acre. He is delighted to drop a word of love or of scorn, according to the political quality of the sleeper by whose monument he watches and writes. While the trumpet rings to quarters he writes hurriedly on, ere he scampers off to camp, putting up his note-book and pencil as he runs. Hard fighting and hard writing—he is complacent and satisfied, if the two come, at least, together; but he is supremely disgusted when he passes through city or village which yields nothing to his Diary. Crediton was thus visited with blank result. Nay, says the scornful diarist, it is "a great, lowsy towne."

The entries in the Diary of the "Marches and Movings of his Ma^{ties} Royall Army, Himself being personally present," extend from April, 1644, to February, 1645(6); commencing with the list of Knights-bachelors created by Charles, subsequent to the Battle of Alresford, and ending with the record how the assailants "tooke Riccardin" (or Wrockwardine) "Church." In these entries, although the references to churches and church monuments are numerous and lengthy, army incidents come in for a considerable share of notice generally,—each notice, however, being for the most part brief, yet usually picturesque. Even then the bias of the diarist, whether as King's man or antiquary, influences the record. Thus, on Friday, 21st June, 1644, at Banbury, he writes:—

"Thirty commanders and officers of the enemy this Friday taken, whereof one was Weemes, Gene-

all of the Ordinance to Waller, a man obliged to the King for his bread and breeding; a Scott." And under the same date, he not only registers the taking of "a trumpet and banner by a French man of horse," but he adds "the coate upon it," namely "argent, three snakes embowed vert." In chronicling the indecent dealings of the Parliamentarian soldiers, not much more is said angrily than in putting down those of the Royalists. Here is an incident at that "great, lowsy towne," Crediton:—

"When Essex's army was here, some of his troops came to Newton St. Syres church, gott the key, went into the church with their horses, and broke up the chest, and tooke out the communion cup worth 5*l.* and broke up the poore man's box and tooke out all, being, 8*s.* 2*d.* ob. The same company, or such like, went to Whitstone, a myle off, and tooke away a pall for buriall of black velvet, worth seven or eight pound, or rather 10*l.*"

Rebels, and fellows, and rogues, and no gentlemen, as these individuals were in the eyes of the diarist, they were worth being invited to embrace the royal cause. When contending troopers were on the hill, near "Listithiel," and the King's soldiers had, for a moment, the best of it, "some of our men, by the King's command, scattered some papers, that, if any would come in that were in rebellion, they should be pardoned, and received into grace." But even the men in the King's own pay exhibited considerable insubordination at times. As, for instance, when Lord Willmott was removed from his command, the soldiers of his corps—"the King's Old Horse"—forwarded a document to Charles, expressive of their "great amazement"; and, without any desire to dispute His Majesty's commands, "they believe it a right they owe themselves and your Majesty's service, to request they may receive some present light of this business from your Majestie." When there was such freedom with the King, no wonder that the enemy, when surrendering at Hawksley, stipulated "that they might be free from the insolence of the common soldiery"—and certainly the latter were to be feared. What could the foe expect from men who, when their favourite leader, Sir Richard Willys, was deprived of his governorship at Newark, tore their colours in the market-place, and threatened to quit the King's service altogether? Many of them, indeed, put their threat into execution.

Some of the troops could be as severe with commanders they disliked as affectionate to those whom they loved. For example, at the pass near Banbury, Sir William Boteler was killed by one of his own troopers.—Symonds says, "unfortunately"; but, when he adds that the trooper's comrades "requited him," we see that the "unfortunately" is a threnodia for the murdered colonel. But the royalist captains set a bad example by killing one another. Witness the two captains of horse at Badminster, who "fell out; and Plowman basely ran him thorough on horseback, but fled ymmediately." One would suppose that the discipline must have been lax in such an army; yet, independent as the men were, there was a strong provost's hand upon them. "In the middle way, at the rendesvouz (at Badminster) two foot-soldiers were hanged on the trees in the hedge-row, for pillaging of the country villages. The whole army of horse and foot marched by the bodyes." On subsequent marches, similar melancholy incidents were not wanting. Indeed, hanging seems to have been thought little of by those who ordered others to endure it. Take as a sample the entry which says, "Sir Richard Grenvil hanged the high constable" (of Blandford), "and then asked the Prince." Sir Richard could vary this Jedburgh sort of justice. For instance:—"Sir Richard Grenvil, with his 500

men, retook Saltash from the Plymouthians, killed 200 of 500: they all refused quarter; the rest (as he sent word to the King) he would hang." So at Leicester, "no quarter was given to any in the heat"; and the fray over, the plunder was general. Usually, the women were considered worthy of protection; and we read, on a march through Derbyshire, that "this day a foot soldjer was tyed by his shoulders and breast naked to a tree, and every carter of the trayne and carriages was to have a lash." This was for unmanly cruelty to two women; and the fellow deserved his punishment. We are only surprised that, where such checks were used against private soldiers, one of the latter could be found challenging and fighting his officer:—

"Munday, Nov. 10, to Newtowne. In this march a leiftenant of horse and a trooper fell out, and had a single combate in private about a horse. Both fought a horseback; the leiftenant shott him in the thigh, and the trooper him in the shoulder, disarmed the leiftenant, and tooke away his horse and pistols."

This sounds strange to modern ears; but the truth is, that neither in the King's nor the Parliament army were the officers always gentlemen. This journal proves it. In one entry, we read that (at Liskard) "two captains of Essex's men were brought prisoners. One was Will of the West, a famous wrestler, and carpenter, of Chancery Lane; the other, a pewterer of London." In a later entry, we meet with an officer of the King's army, in no less a person than Robert Peake, the printseller at Holborn Bridge, whose name is attached to many a rare engraving, and who was knighted on the anniversary of the King's coronation day. The "sometime pictureseller" is described as "Leift.-Colonel to the Marquis of Winchester, Deputy Governor of Basing House."

At the same time, there were some of the landed gentry who had little cause to sneer at pewterers and picture-dealers holding commissions. Symonds makes no secret of the fact; and when Prince Maurice hanged one of his soldiers, "and a ticket written on him," for plundering a house to which protection had been given,—the mansion of Lord Robarts, at Llanhydrock,—the diarist adds:—

"A gentleman of this country told me the original of the Lord Robarts his family. His great-grandfather was servant to a gentleman of this county, his hynd. Afterwards lived in Truro, and traded in wood and flerzen: got an estate of 5 or 6,000*l.*; his son was so bred, and lived there too, putt out his money, and his debtors paid it him in tynn. He, engrossing the sale of tyn, grew to be worth many thousands (300,000*l.*) His sonn was squeezed by the court in King James his time of 20,000*l.*: so was made a Baron, and built the house at Lanherdriack, now the seat of this Lord Roberts."

The name itself has departed from the roll of nobles. Not so that of another family, which owes its greatness to an industrious tradesman:

"This night the King lay at Homley [Himley] hall, com. Stafford, where now the Lord Ward lives, who is son to Ward sometyme goldsmith [in] London, which son married the Lady Dudley; an old house moted."

And here is a memento of a more ancient family, whose name is still among the landed aristocracy:—

"This family of Cuffyn came out of Flintshire; the ruins of the A. [Abbeys] was the raying of them. One of the family fed for killing a man formerly, at last returned and changed his name to Vaughan, for he was little of stature, for so Vaughan signifies."

Others of the landed aristocracy have had diverse fates in different branches. Such is that of Ryves, whose monument and arms in Blandford Church, Dorset, are carefully set down by Symonds. The descendants of him

entombed there still rank with the gentry; but some of them have been so pressed by hard fortune as to be forced to seek refuge in the Ryves' almshouse, at Blandford, founded by a prudent ancestor. Of decayed families there are many traces here; and, probably, the members of the most decayed were as proud as the Scottish soldier spoken of by Symonds,—who, on trial by court-martial, refused to take off his hat, affirming that he was as good a man as any there,—always excepting the governor!

Of the conduct of the country-people the Diary has some characteristic traits. Generally, in Wales, the royalist army was in difficulty, "such ill intelligence has the King"; but, in Cornwall, "Divers of the country-people came to the King with much joy to tell him of his enemys, where they lay, and please his worship!" The women, too, were active occasionally in taking a prisoner; "among the rest two women tooke one," refers to a Captain from Essex's army. In another quarter there are as rough men now as there were then:—

"The people of the Forest of Deane had made turnpikes in the avenues and passes into the country, and sufferd none to enter without their leave. The Parliament soldjers cap in hand for a night's quarter."

The same spirit is in the Foresters still; but it would be difficult among us, now, to match such an incident as this: "The parson's wife of Fladbury; a young woman often carrying a milke payle on her head in the street,—so far from pride!" It is worthy of notice, that he speaks of inscriptions on tombs in "text letters" as being a "moderne fashyone," and he duly records the Cornish habit of calling the grave-maker the *bed-man*.

And this mention of the bed-maker brings us to another subject, that of epitaphs. Now-a-days we certainly lie down more modestly than our ancestors did. We speak more of our hopes than our merits. Not so the self-describing sleepers of olden days. The following, for example, can hardly be excelled by anything in that temple of self-laudation, the church at Little Gaddesden:—

"Among the rest these verses are upon the monument of Penelope, daughter of Sir Raynold Mohun, wife to William Drew of Broad Henbury, com. Devon, Esq. Ermine, a lion passant gules [Drew]; impaling Mohun.

My name was Mohun, my fates like various were;
My short life's often changes makes it cleare.
A virgin star on earth a wife I shind
With noted splendor chiefly of the mind,
Till my Will Drew me to his nuptial bed,
Then soone by God's high call to heaven I fled,
Not without hope in Christ to live agen,
Set in the walls of his Jerusalem."

We must not part from the book without showing what "stuff" there is in it for artists in search of a subject. Much as the diarist was addicted to dry-as-dust researches, his pen could break into lively picturing when he had to treat of incidents of the field. Here is a spirited cabinet battle-sketch:—

"Being come neare that narrow neck of ground betweene Trewardreth [Tywardreath] Bay and St. Veepes passe, the rebels made a more forcible resistance; then about 11 of the clock Capt. Brett led up the Queenes troope, and most gallantly in view of the King charged their foot and beat them from their hedge, killing many of them, notwithstanding their musquets made abundance of shott at his men: he received a shott in the left arme in the first field, and one of his men, La Plunne, a Frenchman, killed, yet most gallantly went on and brought his men off; his cornett's horse shott, with 2 other horses, and 2 more wounded: he retreated to be dress'd, and the King called him and tooke his sword which was drawne in his hand, and knighted Sir Edward Brett on his horse's back."

Of a different class, but well touched-in, is the following series of sketches, taken after the affair at Saltash:—

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"They all, except here and there an officer, (and seriously I saw not above three or four that looked like a gentleman,) were strucken with such a dismal fear, that as soone as their colour of the regiment was past, (for every ensigne had a horse and rid on him and was so suffered,) the rout of soldiers of that regiment prest all of a heape like sheep, though not so innocent. So dury and so dejected as was rare to see. None of them, except some few of their officers, that did looke any of us in the face. Our foot would flout at them and bid them remember Reading, Greenland Howse (where others that did not condicione with them took them away all prisoners), and many other places, and then would pull their swords, &c. away, for all our officers still slash at them. The rebels told us as they past that our officers and gentlemen carried themselves honorably, but they were hard dealt withal by the common soldiers. ** One of their actions while they were at Listithiel must not be forgotten. In contempt of Christianity, Religion, and the Church, they brought a horse to the fount in the church, and there with their kind of ceremonies did as they called it Christian the horse and called him by the name of Charles, in contempt of his sacred Majesty.....Another was done by their Provost Martiell, who put his prisoners in the said church. The night they marched away, two of the prisoners, being rich men of Cornwall, gott up in the steeple and pulled up the ladder and called to the marshall, jeering at him. 'Ile fetch you downe,' said he, and sett much and hay on fire under them, besides they shott many muskets into the belfry at them; all would not doe. Then he fetceth a barrel of powder and gave fire to it, thrething to blow them up, and that blew into the church and blew off most of the slate and yet did no hurt to the prisoners."

Not less pictorial is the subjoined extract,—the asterisks in which only denote erasures of passages which the diarist subsequently discovered to be incorrect:—

"Sunday, October 26, 1645. At Newarke, Prince Rupert, General Gerard, and Sir Richard Willys came into the presence, when the King had almost dyed. Prince Rupert came in discontentedly, with his hands at his side, and approached very neare the King, whereat his Majestie presenty commanded all to be taken away, and rising from the table walked to a corner of the room. They three presented themselves before his Majestie, and first Willys spake after this manner. ** King. Say no more; this is a time unseemly for you to command here.—G. All that Sir Richard Willys desires is very reasonable, for, if gentlemen must be putt out upon every occasion and aspersion, it will discourage all from serving your Majestie.—K. What doth this concerne you? you for your part have received as much honour as any man, and I did not think you would have come to me in this manner. ** G. I am sure, and can prove, that Digby was the cause that I was owted from my command in Wales.—K. Whosoever says it but a child [The dialogue was then continued, as shown by the initial letters, by Rupert, the King, Gerard, and Willys.]—[K.] Why then do you not obey me, but come to expostulate with me? Majestie is ill informed [K.] I am but a child, Digby What can Rebell say more?—K. O nephewe, 'tis of great concernment, and requires consideration.—Here the Prince said something concerning Bristoll. Whereat the King sighed and said, O nephewe, and stopt. Then he would say no more.—P. Lord Digby is the man that has caused all these distractiōn amongst us.—King. They are all rogues and rascalls that sayes soe, and in effecte traytors that seeke to dishonor my best subjects.—Here Gerard bowed himselfe and went out. The Prince shewed no reverence, but went out proudly with his hands at his side. All the trayne followed them, and the King left in private with Sir Richard Willys. Then Sir Richard Willys told the King that a corporall and ten boyes were able to doe as much service as all his commissioners in Newarke."

The author makes fearful work of orthography, when places are concerned. For example, Winterborne Clenston (Dorset) is written *Voin-*

therbornboston, which is as bad as the Frenchman's letter directed to the Duke of Wellington, "Apslous, Hypaqua." He occasionally errs too, in describing effigies, in a way to excite excruciating agony in an ecclesiologist,—as when he mistakes a heart in the hands of the statue of a lady of the Neville family for a pear, with which, he says, she was choked! These, however, are venial faults in an author, of whom we have had reason to speak well, and of whom there is nothing more to record, save that when driven into exile, he kept a sharp "look-out" in foreign churches and libraries, and when the "Restoration" allowed of his return, he lived so privately that no man can trace when or where Royalist Richard had his last couch prepared for him by the "bed-man."

To Cuba and Back: a Vacation Voyage. By Richard Henry Dana, Jun. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

CUBA seems cool, as Mr. Dana describes it, in comparison with England in summer. Though a tropical, tamarind-bearing, palm-fringed, purple island, it takes precautions against the heat, and suffers little accordingly. Linen garments, straw hats, marble floors, walls from twenty to thirty feet high, open blue-painted rafters, pyramids of oranges, breakfasts of fruit and claret, airy muslins, airy dinners, airy evening rambles,—why, with all this, even western

human nature may breathe in comfort under the Southern Cross. There will be an Exodus to the paradise of Ave-Marias if Mr. Dana's enthusiasm spreads.

His book is so bright and luscious, so pictorial and cheerful, so essentially pleasant and refreshing, that even the rule of a Spanish Capitan-General appears tolerable, where the subjects are so courteous and the strangers so gracefully petted. Some deficiencies there may be in Cuban hospitality. The modern Ulysses will not find in the tufted island, hosts to greet him with a classic bath, or damsels, too innocent for blushes, to shampoo him in the Dalecarlian manner, so eminently suitable when the atmosphere is at blood-heat. If he loves the primitive, the sylphide grace of nature, he must launch his boat for Owyhee, where dark dryads and dusky Sabrinas still hallow the forests and waters. But Cuban leisure is, nevertheless, very fairy-like and seductive. It is the life of Spain made more languid, dreamy and luxurious; it is the indolence of Spain, without the great shadows of by-gone glory shaming the lounger; it is Spain regilded, retinted—perhaps barbarized: and Mr. Dana has a pen to paint such pictures well.

His voyage and residence occupied scarcely a month, yet he has written a volume not only fascinating from its warmth and glitter as a narrative, but also intelligent, instructive, and of obvious integrity. It was in February of the present year that our old marine acquaintance, author of 'Two Years before the Mast,' left New York in the steamer Cawaba, with a batch of Cubans who had been shivering in Fifth Street—of Yankee shipmasters—of invalids going to die under a West Indian mosquito-net, and vacation-makers, prurient to see the Atlantic South. And the sea expands brilliantly, as the engine-moved hull makes way:—

"What can exceed the beauty of these nights at sea—these moonlight nights, the still sea, those bright stars, the light, soft trade-wind clouds floating under them, the gentle air, and a feeling of tropical romance stealing over the exile from the snow and ice of New England! There is something in the clear blue warm sea of the tropics, which gives to the stranger a feeling of unreality. Where do those vessels come from, that rise out of the sea, in the horizon? Where do they go to, as they sink in the sea again? Are those blue spots

really fast-anchored islands, with men and children, and horses and machinery, and schools, politics, and newspapers on them?—or are they afloat, and visited by beings of the air?"

The book is one to be read, not reviewed; that is to say, it is all readable, which is saying the best of it. Mr. Dana enjoyed the first red sunrise under the Cuban shore. The glowing Gulf-stream sweeps under his eyes with its burden of huge cotton drogers and saucy Baltimore brigs; the Creole girls smile as they feel the sun; a wide and radiant landscape opens to view; there is Cuba ahead—not the Cuba of Columbus, but walls and parapets, a lighthouse and a flag, and variegated houses ascending in tiers from the coral brink of the sea.—

"But the darkness is gathering, the sunset gun has been fired, we can just catch the dying notes of trumpets from the fortifications, and the Morro Lighthouse throws its gleam over the still sea. The little lights emerge and twinkle from the city. We are too late to enter the port, and slowly and reluctantly the ship turns her head off to seaward. The engine breathes heavily, and throws its one arm leisurely up and down; we rise and fall on the moonlit sea; the stars are near to us, or we are raised nearer to them; the Southern Cross is just above the horizon; and all night long two streams of light lie upon the water, one of gold from the Morro, and one of silver from the moon. It is enchantment. Who can regret our delay, or wish to exchange this scene for the common, close anchorage of a harbour?"

Into the city next day—beneath the blood-and-gold banner of Spain—among the blue, white, red and yellow houses—under the solemn cathedral towers—into the world of fresh bananas and ripe oranges—and Mr. Dana is a Cuban sight-seer:—

"With the comfort of a bath, and clothed in linen, with straw hats, we walked back to Le Grand's and enter the restaurant for breakfast—the breakfast of the country, at ten o'clock. Here is a scene so pretty as quite to make up for the defects of the chambers. The restaurant with cool marble floor, walls twenty-four feet high, open rafters, painted blue, great windows open to the floor and looking into the Paseo, and the floor nearly on a level with the street, a light breeze fanning the thin curtains, the little tables, for two or four, with clean white cloths, each with its pyramid of great red oranges and its fragrant bouquet, the gentlemen in white pantaloons and jackets and white stockings, and the ladies in fly-away muslins, and hair in the sweet neglect of the morning toilet, taking their leisurely breakfasts of fruit and claret, and omelette and Spanish mixed dishes (ollas), and café noir. How airy and ethereal it seems! They are birds, not substantial men and women. They eat ambrosia and drink nectar. It must be that they fly and live in nests in the tamarind trees. Who can eat a hot, greasy breakfast of cakes and graved meats, and in a close room, after this?

Fragrant Havana! city of omelettes, fruits, claret, rice, plantains, and aerophane!—of staleness, also!—

"Three merchants whom I call upon have palaces for their business. The entrances are wide, the staircases almost as stately as that of Stafford House, the floors of marble, the panels of porcelain tiles, the rails of iron, and the rooms over twenty feet high, with open rafters, the doors and windows colossal, the furniture rich and heavy; and there sits the merchant or banker in white pantaloons and thin shoes, and loose white coat and narrow neck-tie, smoking a succession of cigars, surrounded by tropical luxuries and tropical defences."

Cool, as we have said, and very tempting. Through the windows there are glimpses from the street of golden fruit, and rainbow glasses, and richly-tinted wines, for your Cuban knows how to live. Then, the open-air life of Havana is delicious:—

"There is a clear moon above, and a blue field of glittering stars; the air is pure and balmy; the

band of fifty or sixty instruments discourses most eloquent music under the shade of palm-trees and mangos; the walks are filled with promenaders, and the streets around the square lined with carriages, in which the ladies recline, and receive the salutations and visits of the gentlemen. Very few ladies walk in the square, and those probably are strangers. It is against the etiquette for ladies to walk in public in Havana."

Opposite the public prison you see chained convicts, and outside the city you may notice a young girl banded in through a low door to be whipped like a child, because her mistress is jealous; but these naughty contrasts do not offend the grand ladies of Havana, who seem rather to enjoy their privilege of applying humbling corrections to pertly graceful forms. In all things are the Cubans magnificent:—

"The Cubans have a taste for prodigality in grandiloquent or pretty names. Every shop, the most humble, has its name. They name the shops after the sun and moon and stars; after gods and goddesses, demi-gods and heroes; after fruits and flowers; gems and precious stones; after favorite names of women, with pretty, fanciful additions; and after all alluring qualities, all delights of the senses, and all pleasing affections of the mind. The wards of jails and hospitals are each known by some religious or patriotic designation; and twelve guns in the Morro are named for the Apostles."

From philosophizing on palms, Mr. Dana reverts to cocoas:—

"What are those groves and clusters of small growth, looking like Indian corn in a state of transmigration into trees, the stalk turning into a trunk, the thin soft coating half changed to bark, and the ears of corn turning into melons? Those are the bananas and plantains, as their bunches of green and yellow fruits plainly enough indicate, when you come nearer. But, that sad, weeping tree, its long yellow-green leaves drooping to the ground! What can that be? It has a green fruit like a melon. There it is again, in groves! I interrupt my neighbour's tenth cigarette, to ask him the name of the tree. It is the coco! And that soft green melon becomes the hard shell we break with a hammer. Other trees there are, in abundance, of various forms and foliage, but they might have grown in New England or New York, so far as the eye can teach us; but the palm, the coco, the banana, and plantain are the characteristic trees you could not possibly meet with in any other zone."

It is all colour:—azure, pink, purple flowers, golden, crimson, orange-breasted birds, amber fruit,—even the stone fences picturesquely tinted. The sun is an excellent painter. He transfigures the mignonette-tree, forty feet high; he ennobles the allspice; he dashes chameleon variegations over all the island. But a prison is a prison, whether in Eden or Gomorrah:—

"The Presidio and Grand Carcel of Havana is a large building, of yellow stone, standing near the fort of the Punta, and is one of the striking objects as you enter the harbour. It has no appearance of a jail without, but rather of a palace or court; but within, it is full of live men's bones and of all uncleanness. No man, whose notions are derived from an American or English penitentiary of the last twenty years, or fifty years, can form an idea of the great Cuban prison. It is simply horrible. There are no cells, except for solitary confinement of 'incommunicados,'—who are usually political offenders. The prisoners are placed in large rooms, with stone floors and grated windows, where they are left, from twenty to fifty in each, without work, without books, without interference or intervention of any one, day and night—day and night, for the weeks, months, or years of their sentences. The sights are dreadful. In this hot climate, so many beings, with no provision for ventilation but the grated windows,—so unclean, and most of them naked above the waist,—all spend their time in walking, talking, playing, and smoking; and, at night, without bed or blanket, they lie down on

the stone floor, on what clothes they may have, to sleep if they can. The whole prison, with the exception of the few cells for the 'incommunicados,' was a series of these great cages, in which human beings were shut up. Incarceration is the beginning, middle, and end of the whole system."

And the slave-market, under that kaleidoscopic sky—it teems with misery, however the Cubans may decorate their barbarism. Strangers fancy, when they have scanned the surface, that the system has been honeyed down, at least, into a compromise with humanity. But—

"They do not know that the plantation, belonging to the young man who spends half his time in Havana, is an abode of licentiousness and cruelty. Neither do they know that the tall hounds chained at the kennel of the house they are visiting, are Cuban bloodhounds, trained to track and to seize. They do not know that the barking last night was a pursuit and capture, in which all the white men on the place took part; and that, for the week past, the men of the plantation have been a committee of detective and protective police. They do not know that the ill-looking man who was there yesterday, and whom the ladies did not like, and all treated with ill-disguised aversion, is a professed hunter of slaves. They have never seen or heard of the Sierra del Cristal, the mountain-range at the eastern end of Cuba, inhabited by runaways, where white men hardly dare to go. Nor do they know that those young ladies, when little children, were taken to the city in the time of the insurrection in the Vuelta de Arriba. They have not heard the story of that downcast-looking girl, the now incorrigibly malignant negro, and the lying mayoral. In the cities, they are amused by the flashy dresses, indolence and good-humour of the slaves, and pleased with the respectfulness of their manners, and hear anecdotes of their attachment to their masters, and how they so dote upon slavery that nothing but bad advice can entice them into freedom; and are told, too, of the worse condition of the free blacks. They have not visited the slave-jails, or the whipping-posts in the house outside the walls, where low whites do the flogging of the city house-servants, men and women, at so many real a head."

We hand over to the reader, with this introduction, Mr. Dana's very suggestive and pleasing volume.

A Dictionary of Modern Slang, Cant, and Vulgar Words; with a History of Slang Language. By A London Antiquary. (Hotten.)

If we prided ourselves upon having no sympathy with any other class than the very choicest cream of society; if we felt it to be our duty to act like critical bears, who never dance to any but the gentlest of tunes,—we should not have been officially aware that such a volume as the present had ever been compiled and published, although its announcement in our advertising columns might have stared us reproachfully in the face.

We open this volume without any affectation of horror; without any preliminary fumigation, so to speak; and without any Tory-like notion that we are bound to preserve the great well of Latinized English undefiled. The frowning shades of many great pedagogues and beadle of style sit heavily upon us as we write. We know what Blair, and Lindley Murray, and Richardson, and Sheridan (the dictionary-maker), and Johnson, are thinking in their graves; but fortified by Dr. Latham, who stands up for the Anglo-Saxon conservatism of slang, and by Dr. South, who calls such unrecognized, unminted language—"Rabble-charming words, which carry so much wildfire wrapt up in them"—we take "A London Antiquary" by the hand, and go boldly and unfalteringly on.

The author has spared no pains to make his little volume perfect, both by collecting original and unused material from costermongers, vag-

bonds, and tramps, and by consulting nearly all writers upon the same subject who have gone before. A list of about one hundred books is given, which have been overturned for the purposes of the present compilation, the chief of which are, old Harman, who wrote in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and Burns's friend, Grose, who made his great *Cant Dictionary* in 1785. With regard to personal collection, the writer, as he states in his Preface, has had peculiar opportunities, which he has not suffered to pass fruitlessly by.

In seeking for old chap-books, ballads, penny histories, and street narratives, as materials for a forthcoming *History of Cheap or Popular Literature*, he was brought into communication with many Seven Dials chanters and Borough pattering, who were induced, for a consideration, to furnish, from time to time, the bulk of the three thousand cant and flash words, which the compiler claims to have added in regular order to the language of his country. These men were not trusted to bring these ancient, secret, and peculiar terms, that are used by the different wandering tribes of London and the country, without some check. The words and phrases sent in were compared with other similar words and phrases, procured from other sources; and a Seven Dials printer of long standing, and a knot of London costermongers, besides pedlars and hucksters, were pressed into the literary service.

The author begins with a short history of Cant, or the secret language of vagabonds, which he divides from slang, or that vulgar, unrecognized language which is ever changing with fashion and taste.

He shows that the secret language of cant is known in South Africa, Finland, France, Spain, Germany, and Italy, as well as in England, and that it is always the shield which protects the verbal communications of outcasts, lazy, wandering beggars, and thieves. Into the fanciful origin of the term "Canting" it is not necessary to go,—the most probable derivation being chaunt, a beggar's whine. That it was known in merry England three centuries ago, is shown from the description of England, prefixed to Hollinshed's Chronicle, where the historian, speaking of beggars and gypsies, says, "they have devised a language among themselves, which they name Canting, but others Pedlars' Frenche."

The author's theory is, that this secret language originated with the gypsies—a race that has had to bear the burden of many a dishonourable hypothesis,—and, to some extent, he seems to make out his case. Quoting from Harman, who wrote in the year 1567, he finds that, within a dozen years from the landing of the gypsies, companies of English vagrants were formed, places of meeting appointed, districts for plunder and begging marked out, and rules agreed to for common management. These supposed sons of dusky Egypt were something like business people. English vagrants joined them, while they joined English vagrants; and the common people began to consider them as all of one family—all rogues—and all Egyptians. This belief still remains at the present day, although no direct proof of intermarriage has been produced. A mixture of Gipsy, old English, fancy and foreign words, has thus formed what is called either the Canting language, Pedlars' Frenche, or St. Giles's Greek.

We may select a few from a list of pure Gipsy words, which will show what familiar terms we have derived from our greenwood friends. These, as given by our author, are, bamboozle, to mislead (modern Gipsy)—bosh, rubbish (Gipsy and Persian)—cheese, thing or article (Gipsy and Hindoo)—dadi (daddy), a father (Gipsy)—gad, a wife (Gipsy)—gibberish,

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slang (Gipsy)—mami, a grandmother (Gipsy)—mull, to spoil (Gipsy)—pal, a brother (Gipsy)—and rig, a performance (Gipsy).

"Here [as the author says] is the remarkable fact of several words of pure Gipsy and Asiatic origin, going the round of Europe, passing into this country before the Reformation, and coming down to us through a hundred generations purely in the mouths of the people." * * Jockey is another instance, which, in the Gipsy tongue, signifies a wimp. * * I feel confident there is a Gipsy element in our British language hitherto unrecognized."

An entire copy of the first 'English Canting Dictionary,' compiled by Thomas Harman, which is inserted in the present volume, brings before us about one hundred and fifty-five words and phrases, many of which it may be interesting to quote, for the purpose of showing the antiquity, figurative poetry, humour, and meaning of such outcast language. A boozing-ken, for a pothouse—a cly, for a pocket—fambles, [or fumbles,] for hands—freshwater mariniers, for impostors who perform sailors—a glymmar, for a fire—lap, for milk or whey—lightmans, for the day—patrico, for a priest—snowt fayre [or probably fair snout] for a pretty-faced woman—stall, to make or ordain [possibly church slang]—slate, a covering or sheet [now transformed into a critical slang word, meaning to pelt with abuse]—toggmans, toggs, a coat (from the Latin *toga*)—to toure, to see—and yanman, pannam (Latin, *pans*), bread, are instances of the qualities in question.

"Speaking of the learned tongues [says our author] I may mention that many persons of refined or classical education have joined the vagabond ranks from time to time, either from inclination or through indiscretion and loss of character. This will in some measure account for numerous learned words figuring as cant terms in the vulgar dictionary."

Bone, to steal—no bones, no difficulty—crack, for excellent—and crack up, to boast or praise, are all old English words and phrases, that were once fashionable and respectable, but have now fallen into polite disuse. Dodge, a cunning trick, can boast of Anglo-Saxon ancestry; to get a person's dander up is an old English, and not a modern American phrase; while flabbergasting, astonishing—and gallivanting, waiting on ladies, have both seen better days. Hold your gab, shut up your gob, gadding about, doing it gingerly, have all been highly genteel in the olden time, as well as speaking of a man's face as his gills. Clean gone, it won't fadge, make him buckle under, to pay or pepper, in the sense of to thrash, crusty (poor tempered), two of a kidney, a lark (a piece of fun), bung (to give or pass), pickle (a sad plight), and frump (to mock), are all equally old, equally expressive, and were once equally respected. The latter word, frump, has now departed from its original meaning, and is used, in certain refined circles, to represent a fussy old woman.

"One old English mode of canting [to quote our author] was the inserting a consonant betwixt each syllable; thus, taking g, 'How do you do,' would be 'How dog yon dog.' This, according to Grose, was called gibberish."

Another cant, we may add, has recently been attempted by transposing the initial letters of words; so that a mutton chop becomes a cutton mop, a pint of stout a stint of pout; but we are happy to add that it has gained no ground. This was called *Marowskying*.

Our author devotes a greater part of his book to the history and dictionary of slang. "Slang" (as distinguished from cant, the vulgar language of secrecy) "is the language of street humour, of fast, of high and low life." Nick-names form its greatest, and not its least amusing and ex-

pressive part. Like criticism, its strength lies in attack, and not in praise. The writer divides this branch of his subject into historical, fashionable, parliamentary, military and dandy, university, religious, legal, literary, theatrical, civic, money, shopkeepers' and workmen's slang—the slang apologies for oaths, and the slang of drunkenness. Into these divisions, which are carefully classed, our space will not permit us to go; and we confine ourselves to picking out a few of the choicest words from the dictionary inserted in the book.

Bloak, for an individual, has a fine, full-mouthed flavour about it,—and canister cap, for hat, is worthy of Mr. Charles Dickens, or any of his followers. Chariot-buzzing, for picking pockets in an omnibus, is another example of low, unconscious poetry of expression,—and choker, a cravat, is absolutely final and perfect. Old Conkey, for the late Iron Duke, is faithfully descriptive, but disrespectful,—and crab-shells, for shoes, may be classed in the same category. Leg it, is surely as good as to run, if not better,—and loblolly, for gruel, is a word that Keats or Tennyson might be proud of. Sensation, a quartern of gin, is fully equalled by white satin, another term for the same liquor. Sharp's Alley blood-worms, for common sausages, needs no explanation,—any more than sufferer, for a fashionable tailor. Swaddy, for soldier, must humorously refer to his uniform, and to call him a coolie (after dressing him in true Horse Guards fashion) is to add insult to injury. Tanner, for sixpence, may be old, but it could not have been known to Shakespeare, otherwise he would not have made his first grave-digger speak of its lasting you seven years. Toke, dry bread, has a fine, throat-sticking sound about it,—and tail-buzzer, for a pick-pocket, is worth a hundred average similes. We might multiply instances to prove the wonderful elasticity and expressiveness of slang, and to show the desirability of its being speedily annexed to the recognized body of our language. The loss would be entirely on the side of blackguardism; the gain entirely on the side of respectability.

The poetry and humour of slang proper are shared by rhyming slang, another branch of his subject, which our author treats at some length. This language is confined to chaunters and patterers, the men who sing carols, deliver last dying speeches, and retail grease-removing compounds, plating-powders, and many other curious pennyworths in the London gutter. We give a few examples to show what fancy is contained in rhyming slang, and how easily a running poem could be manufactured from such a dictionary. We will try our hands on nine examples out of one hundred and forty:—

Castle-rag stands for flag.
Ding-dong means a song.
Eat-a-fig is crack a crib.
Egyptian Hall is slang for a ball.
Jenny Linder means a winder (window).
Lord John Russell stands for a bustle.
Lump of lead is slang for the head.
Pen and ink is slang for a stink.
Throw me in the dirt is slang for a shirt.

It is easy to see the aid this rhyming must give to the memory, even to rendering the whole vocabulary learnable in a few days.

The Back Slang, another branch of the parent stock, which is known as the secret language of costermongers, receives its fair share of attention from our author's hands. It is of little importance in a philological, poetical, or humorous point of view, and for that reason we have taken it out of the order in which it stands in the book, and have placed it last. "The main principle," as the author remarks, "of this language is spelling the words backwards, or rather pronouncing them rudely backwards." A few examples will suffice to

show the plan. Daerb is bread, dunop is a pound, shif is fish, and namow is a woman.

The author does not leave his subject without touching upon the freemasonry of tramps and beggars, and the hieroglyphics they use. He draws his knowledge of this part of vagabondism chiefly from Mr. Henry Mayhew's books, although he gives a cadger's map of a begging district, which he obtained from some tramps and patterers, himself. It is a plan of some country near Maidstone, Kent, with all the roads and houses marked, those that are no good, too poor, too knowing, or dangerous, being distinguished by certain secret signs from those that are good for a "cold tatur," or religious, but tidy on the whole. It is said that the curious crosses, diamonds, circles, squares, &c., which convey this information, may be seen chalked upon the walls and doorways of most of our country towns. This is an interesting part of vagabond history, that requires further investigation, if possible, of a personal character; at present, the materials before us are somewhat conjectural, suspicious, and vague.

In such a work it would be impossible not to find certain errors and omissions, which we will endeavour to point out. The author, judging from internal evidence, must be a young man, as his personal experiences do not go back very far. The back slang has been in vogue for nearly thirty years;—the author says about fifteen. A bear, in the slang of the Stock Exchange, is one who operates for a fall, or to pull down; and a bull, in the same jargon, is one who operates for a rise, or to toss up. The farce of 'Tom and Jerry' was adapted by Moncrieff from Pierce Egan's book of 'Life in London,' and was only to that extent a separate work. It not only ran for one hundred nights, but for nearly two years. It made the fortune, with its slang, of the old Adelphi Theatre, and it was, without exception, the most wonderful instance of a continuous theatrical "run" in ancient and modern times.

Amongst the slender list of names that are not spelt as they are pronounced, we miss such examples as Cholmondeley (Chumley), Major-banks (Marshbanks), and Derby (Darby). We miss the expressive term of bung, as signifying a public-house landlord; of fishy, in City slang, referring to any rotten scheme; of put the pot on, in sporting phrase, referring to betting too much upon one horse; and of off my feed, in stable slang, describing an affecting delicacy of appetite. Duff (pudding), we imagine, is a vulgar north country and nautical pronunciation of dough, and there are many other obvious explanations of words, which we advise the author to look to in a second edition. His work, nevertheless, is carefully and honestly performed; and we hope that the writer will read our remarks in a proper spirit, and, in the latest slang of the present hour, will "take them on his head like a bird."

NEW NOVELS.

Cousin Stella. By the Author of 'Violet Bank, and its Inmates.' 3 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—We do not remember to have read a book that has charmed us more for a long time than 'Cousin Stella.' It is an excellent novel, written with great care; the interest is well sustained to the end; the characters are all life-like, and all act according to their own nature, and not by the arbitrary rule of the author's will. Great subtlety is shown in the working of character; the incidents are subservient, or, rather, they are, as in real life, more the consequence of the acts and motions of the human beings concerned in them than the causes of weal or woe. The story is well knit together; there are no weak joints or imperfect articulations; it is

an extremely well-written, well-conceived story, with a degree of quiet power and precision of touch that makes us hope for a continuance of well doing. The scene is laid chiefly in Jamaica, at the time just previous to the passing of the Act of Emancipation. The scenes of planter life are graphic, and have the look of being done on the spot. The incidents are managed so as to make a drama from first to last; none have an undue prominence given to them; they are all kept in their right proportions: the only exceptions we would make are, the scene between Olympia and her husband, which is ineffective, and the crime and death of that husband, which are made too shadowy,—both ought to have been more distinctly and firmly delineated. They are three important incidents slurred over, and show either the indolence of fatigue, or want of thoroughly matured power on the part of the author. We say this in our capacity of critics:—general readers will not stop to criticize. Cousin Stella herself is admirably drawn. She is charming; and cousin Louis, as the hero, is almost, not quite, worthy of her. We cannot forgive his blindness of heart and slowness to believe; nevertheless, we commit him and Cousin Stella to the verdict of a jury of readers, quite sure that they will indorse our opinions as to the freshness of the interest and great merit of this novel.

Confessions of a Too Generous Young Lady; with a later continuation. (Saunders, Otley & Co.)—This is a weak, foolish story, but there are evidences that if the authoress would cultivate herself instead of writing out all the crude, immature fancies that come into her head, she might do something better; but we do not see that the world would be any loser if she were to abstain henceforth from writing novels altogether.

Helen Lindsay; or, the Trial of Faith. By a Clergyman's Daughter. 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett).—Why a novel should be paraded as written by a "Clergyman's Daughter," we do not know. If the book be a good one, it is good on its own merits; and, if it be worthless, no imputed value could accrue from the "clergyman's" paternity of the author. "Helen Lindsay" is, however, a very harmless novel, written, the writer tells us in the Preface, as "an attempt to utilize leisure hours; connecting, by the thread of fiction, a few thoughts and facts that have presented themselves to the author's mind." This modest purpose has been carried out in a narrative that is pleasing, without having any claims to stand criticism. The story is disjointed; the characters are too much dispersed, and do not fall into a well-arranged caste of *dramatis personæ*. There is an air of feebleness and want of practice discernible throughout; but the thoughts and sentiments are those of a gentle-minded, pious woman. "Helen Lindsay" may be read approvingly in family circles where works of fiction do not generally meet with a cordial reception: the prohibitive system may be safely relaxed in favour of the heroine before us.

Who is to Have It? A Novel. By the Author of "The Netherwoods of Otterpool." (Routledge & Co.)—The author has so much good faculty, that it is a pity to see it run to waste for want of careful cultivation. "Who is to Have It?" has good points in the story, but they are not used up to any advantage: the story is left foolish and improbable, full of crude, undigested incidents. It is a very idle, unprofitable book, and the author might have made it the reverse had she chosen to take pains.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Handel Studies. By Henry F. Chorley. Parts I. and II. (Augener & Co.)—Prefacing these studies by a succinct biographical notice, Mr. Chorley undertakes to treat separately the principal works of Handel. In the two Parts already published, his criticisms are on "The Messiah," "The Dettingen Te Deum," and "Israel in Egypt." Having long been familiar with the productions of Handel's genius—which he compares, from one point of view, with that of Shakespeare—he has interpreted them, analyzed them, thought over, treated them in the philosophical, in the poetical, and in the antiquarian sense; and the notes now

put together are designed, he explains, for amateurs. "The Messiah" he points to as a masterpiece of sacred art—a vast religious cartoon, if so we may speak, painted in music, as though parallel with the glories of Raffael and Michael Angelo. Amateurs studying this oratorio, or listening to it, will probably derive instruction and pleasure in following Mr. Chorley as he discusses the overture, the choruses, the recitatives, airs, and bravuras, until he winds off suddenly with "It is no criticism on 'The Messiah' that those who hear it return exhausted. Impression is not depression." On the "Israel in Egypt" his closing remark is, "I can never return to 'Israel' without a new impression that it is something apart from, alone, above, all other works existing in descriptive choral music—without new emotion as I hear—without new admiration (however impotent to expression) as I write." Studies such as these, no doubt, will aid, not only towards an appreciation of Handel's works in particular, but the progress of general musical taste and science.

Rifle Clubs and Volunteer Corps. By W. H. Russell. (Routledge & Co.)—Mr. Russell writes as one having authority—a little too much so, perhaps. His great experience as an observer of war entitles him, however, to be heard with some deference. He has seen rifle practice of a deadly description in Europe and Asia, and his remarks are of a purely practical nature. In short space, and with admirable clearness, lighting up the subject now and then with a burst of pictorial reminiscence, he discusses the general subject, dwelling on the adaptation of the surface of these islands for the purposes of irregular and defensive warfare,—surveying the various plans of organization now under public review,—disposing of numerous current fallacies about drill and dress,—entering into minute, but not superfluous, particulars on arms and accoutrements, rifles especially,—and winding up with some very timely remarks on the probabilities of invasion and resistance. His book is the best that has yet been written on this very popular and national subject.

Mathematical Examples. By Samuel Newth, M.A. (Walton & Maberly).—A new book of examples in arithmetic, algebra, trigonometry, and mechanics, with answers at the end. There are many books of this kind now, and there cannot be too many. The one before us is very comprehensive, adds some unusual subjects, and deserves strong recommendation.

Culder's Key to Lund's Mensuration. (Longman & Co.)—We have taken the *fly-title*, as they call it, instead of the title-page. Either is as full a description of the work as can possibly be wanted.

What is a Comet? A Dialogue in a Popular Form. (Marlborough & Co.)—This dialogue, by A. E. Almondbury, Huddersfield, has, the author informs us, been submitted to Prof. Challis and Mr. Hopkins: but some things have been added since they saw it. We suppose the following statement is among the things thus added: "The comet of 2255 is to cause the destruction of the world according to Newton and others, who have calculated it will come into collision with the Sun, and so damage it that it will no longer give light and heat to the earth!!" Where Newton said this we are not informed, and we should much like to know. The dialogue itself is amusing gossip: but the title itself wants a tail. It ought to be "What is a comet—in the opinion of A, B, C, &c., who know no more about it than ourselves?" The writer mixes up his own speculations with those of others in a readable way: and he knows that a speculation is a speculation and nothing more. This is high praise for a writer on comets. We suspect he is not very deep in history, or has been to secondary sources: the notion of Newton calculating a comet into collision with the Sun is suspicious: so is *Ayelander* for *Argelander* and *Appian* for *Apian*.

King Stephen of Hungary: a Drama in Five Acts. by a Scene-Shift (Newby), is put forward by a Preface meant to be pleasant. The author says that he is modest and nervous; that he has "not consulted any of the great historical works on Hungary;" that most of his "characters are mere myths;" that he is afraid he "may now and then

have pilfered and served up anew sundry thoughts and words belonging to other people." What these can be it is hard to divine, on perusal of the five acts thus jauntily announced. They will hardly, however, we conceive, be reclaimed by their original proprietors.

Job: a Dramatic Poem, by Edward Henry Pember, M.A. (Longman & Co.), intends to be sublime and mysterious, after the pattern of Shelley. Eight lines from a chorus of "the Cherubin" will show the author's success in spoiling the grand scriptural poem:—

Keen is the prow of our desire,
Its sheen is the glory of God's decrees;
And straight as the lines of the solar fire
The passage we cleave in the aether seas.

Wherever we be in our starry rest,
We reach in one pulse of human pain
The man-worn bosom and virgin crest
And grey green shoulders of earth again.

Seaweeds and Heath Flowers; or, Memories of Mona, by Eliza Craven Green (Douglas, Curphey), claim just a gentler touch than the arrogant attempt just dismissed, because they are less pretending. The verses, however, are simple and sentimental themes, having little to distinguish them from millions of similar quality, penned by the crow-quills of the nineteenth century.

Continental Europe, from 1792-1859. By J. W. King. (Knight & Co.)—A pile of historical materials irregularly, and rather violently, thrown together. Mr. King has scanned the annals of the last sixty years, and discourses at large on men and events, adding copious quotations of opinion to his own. He writes well, but hastily and fiercely; and his narrative, though digressive, and sometimes swamped by generalities, rattles on vigorously to the close, which is on the livid field of Solferino.

Among pamphlets on political subjects we have—*Government by a Minority,* by H. Rich, Esq., M.P. (Ridgway).—*Signs and Temper of the Times* (Hardwicke).—Mr. Brooke's *Thoughts on the Extension of the Franchise* (Brook).—*Pimlico on the Franchise: What it should be.* In Three Letters addressed during the late Session to Lord John Russell (Stanford).—*Notes on the Defences of Great Britain and Ireland,* by Lieut.-General Kennedy (Murray).—A Letter addressed to the Houses of Parliament, by W. A. T., C. B., R. B. (Harrison), on *The Italian Crisis*.—*The English, or Vivid-voiced Ballot, a New Method of Secret Voting,* addressed to John Bright, Esq. (Judd & Glass).—*An Enquiry Answered, the Democratic Institutions of America,* by Mr. Vandernburgh (same publishers),—and Mr. Burghley, in a somewhat substantial-looking brochure, tells us that *England subsists by Miracle* (Blackwood).—On Indian matters we may mention a paper read at the United Service Institution, by Lieut.-Col. Kennedy, on *The Financial and Executive Administration of the British-Indian Empire* (Wilson).—*The Imam Commission Unmasked,* by Mr. Knight (Wilson).—*The Experiences of a Landholder and Indigo Planter in Eastern Bengal* (Simpkin),—to which we may add Mr. Caley's *Report on the Present Condition of Cotton Cultivation in Ceylon (Cave)*.—We have a voice from one of the ill-fated Arctic navigators in *The Last Journals of Capt. Fitzjames, of the Last Polar Expedition*, edited by W. Cunningham, Esq. (Pearce).—and *A Few Words of Advice to the Marines of England, and Enterprising Youths inclined for the Sea Service,* by a Seaman's Friend (Bradbury & Evans).—Art, also, comes under the notice of the pamphleteers, in *The Raphael of M. Morris Moore, 'Apollo and Marsyas,' Documents accompanied by Prefaces, Translations, Notes, and by a Study [Le Raphael de M. Morris Moore, d.c.],* by Léon Batté (Jeffs),—and *Church's Painting, 'The Heart of the Andes,'* by the Rev. L. Noble (Appleton).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Armstrong (Rev. Geo.), *Memoir of H. Henderson*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl. *Principles of Chemistry*, 4th edit. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl. *Balzani's Balthazar*, or, *Science and Love*, tr. by Robson, 8vo. 3s. cl. Bonar's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 4th edit. 8vo. 3s. cl. Bradley's *Advice in Selecting Artificial Manures*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. Bradshaw's *Handbook of Artillery*, new edit. square, 5s. cl. Bradshaw's *Handbook of Artillery*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. Bradshaw's *Handbook of Switzerland*, new edit. square, 5s. cl. Bradshaw's *Illustr. Guide through Paris*, new edit. square, 1s. 6d. Burrow's *Mounted Trooper of Australian Constabulary*, 1s. 6d. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, new edit. 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl. Cambridge Examination Papers, 1859, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds. Cassell's Fr. and Eng. Dict., by Wallace & Bridgeman, n. ed. 7s. 6d.

Charlesworth
Child's *Music*
Clarke's *Surveys*
Clement's *Africa*
Crabb's *Prayer Book*
Croker's *Legends*
Davis' *Review*
Eliot's *Adventures*
English *new edit.*
Foster's *Annals*
Harcourt's *Travels*
Lane's *Hydrography*
Lee's *Life of*
Linton's *History*
Majendie's *Maurader*
New *Spa*
Nicolson's *Notes* and *Open*
On the *Page's Advice*
Parent's *Life*
Parker's *Life*
Priddy's *The Rose's Stratagem*
Semi-Detached *Sewell's The*
Till's *Military*
Trench's *H. Waterston*
Westminster's *Originals*

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Charlesworth's Ministering Children, new ed. fc. 5s. cl.
Child's Guide to the English Constitution, 18m. 1s. 4d. hf.-bd.
Clermont's Guide to the Quarries and Minerals of Europe, 7s.
Collins's After Dark, 1s. 6d. cl.
Concise Law of the Poor for an Afflicted, ed. by Kennaway, 9th ed. 6d.
Crank's Precedents in Conveyancing, 5th ed. by Shelford, 2 vols. 3l.
Croker's Legends & Traditions of South of Ireland, new ed. 3s. 6d.
Davies (Rev. John), Memoir of, by Lee, fc. 5s. 3s. 6d. cl.
Dean's Movements Home that Jack Would See, 2s. 6d. cl.
English Hearts and English Hands, cheap edit. cr. 5s. 2s. 6d. cl.
Fitz-James's Tales, 2d edit. cr. 5s. 5s. cl.
Gatty's Aunt Judy's Tales, 2d edit. fc. 5s. 2s. 6d. cl.
Haydock's The Gentleman's Stable Manual, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Hopkins's Handbook of Art, 2d edit. 5s. 6d. cl.
Last's Hygrometry, or Hygrometric Medicine, 2d edit. post 8vo. 5s.
Last's Watering Places of England, 4th edit. royal 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Litton's (Rev. E. A.) Parochial Sermons, fc. 5s. 6d. cl.
Majendie's Up among the Families, post 8vo. 5s. cl.
Mauduit on the History of the English Church, fc. 5s. 6d. cl.
New System of Tabular Geography, Part I. oblong, 1s. 6d. svd.
Nelson's Gospel Thoughts, or Christ in the Prayer-Book, 5s. cl.
Notes and Queries, Vol. 7, 2d Series, 4s. 6d. cl.
Open on the Classification of the Mammalia, 5s. cl.
Page's Advanced Text-Book of Chemistry, 2d edit. fcap. 8vo. 2s. cl.
Parrot's Amusement, new edit. 9s. post 8vo. 1s. bds.
Parrot's Library, Reid's 'The White Chief,' 2s. bds.
Prolly's Denizens of Daundelyon, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.
Ross's Stray Leaves of Nature, fc. 5s. 2s. 6d. cl.
Semi-Detached, 1s. 6d. cl.
Sewell's (Rev.) Letters of Little Lord Fauntleroy, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Sewell's Children of Summerbrook, fc. 5s. 6d. cl.
Sewell's British Butterflies and Moths, Vol. 2, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.
Tilt's Millicent Nevile, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.
Trench's Hulsean Lectures for 1848 and 1846, 4th edit. fc. 5s. 5s.
Westminster's Manual of Commerce, new edit. fc. 5s. 6d. hf.-bd.
Westminster Abbey Sermons, 1838, 2nd edit. fc. 5s. 2s. cl.
Wright's Our World: its Rocks and Fossils, fc. 5s. 2s. cl.

ON WATER-GLASS.

In our last number we registered the claim of Mr. F. Ransome, of Ipswich, to be honourably mentioned when noticing the manufacture and application of Water-Glass, a material which he has been manufacturing at the rate of many tons per week at his own works, and more lately at those of the Patent Silicious Stone Company, at Ipswich.

In a communication forwarded to us, Mr. Ransome thus demonstrates his well-founded claim to more honourable notice still than that we have already awarded to him.—

"My own attention was first directed to the subject in the year 1844, when carrying out a series of experiments with a view to the production of an artificial stone suitable for grinding, building, and ornamental purposes, which should possess all the advantages, and be free from many of the defects of the natural stones hitherto in use. I found that with few exceptions, the hardest and most durable stones were those containing the largest proportion of silica, and I at length succeeded in producing a compact stone by combining or cementing the particles of silicious sand by means of a silicious paste or cement, for which I secured a patent, bearing date the 25th of October, 1844. In preparing this silicious paste or cement, I first dissolved soda or potash in water, which I rendered caustic by means of lime. Then, under the influence of steam pressure in an iron boiler, I dissolved broken flints in the caustic soda or potash, until I obtained a silicate adapted to the purposes required. This silicate I afterwards mixed with the requisite quantity of sand, broken stone, or other silicious matter, which, after being moulded into the desired form, was placed in a kiln and raised to a bright red heat. By this last operation, the soluble silicate, by combining with additional silica, was converted into an insoluble compound, and a stone was produced resembling, both in appearance and characteristics, the best descriptions of natural sandstone.

"I was not at that time aware of the memoirs published by Dr. Fuchs, in Kastner's Archiv, for 1825; nor of the further researches either by him or Professor Kuhlmann; nor have I yet learnt that either of those gentlemen attempted, or even contemplated, the manufacture of stone by such process, but, on the other hand, I may be allowed to state that I secured a patent in France for this very process in the year 1845.

"I soon, however, discovered, that owing to the presence of a portion of sulphate of soda, an efflorescence of this salt was likely to take place on the surface of the artificial stone thus made, when exposed to the weather, which greatly diminished the value of the article in its application to architectural and ornamental purposes, but it was not until the year 1853, after many discouragements, and a series of experiments involving a large outlay of money, that I discovered the means of preventing this efflorescence by the use of a solution of baryta, and thus succeeded in perfecting the manufacture of an article which has now received the

unqualified approval of some of our most eminent architects, chemists, and geologists.

"In the year 1845 I obtained letters patent in England, Scotland, and Ireland, for the application of a soluble silicate for combining small coal into blocks, and for preserving wood from fire and decay.

"In the year 1854, and still without any knowledge of the work done by Dr. Fuchs or Prof. Kuhlmann, I invented a process for 'preparing oxides and carbonates of lead or zinc,' and carbonates or sulphates of barytes with soluble silica,' either with or without being 'mixed with colouring or other matter,' and enrolled a provisional specification, intending to complete the patent for the same, but owing to an attack of illness I was prevented from obtaining this protection.

"In the year 1855 I obtained a patent for further improvements in the manufacture of artificial stone; and, lastly, in 1856, I invented and patented a process for preserving natural or artificial stone and other building materials, and in rendering them less liable to decay. At this time I was made aware that a soluble silicate of potash or soda had been for some time past employed upon the Continent for the purpose of preserving the stone of some public buildings, but I found in carrying out my operations, that although this process had been favourably reported upon in France, and that, under certain conditions, an apparently satisfactory effect was sometimes produced, yet it was nevertheless very imperfect. The general results, as obtained by the application of the simple silicate in our own country, being very uncertain, it appeared to me that one great cause of failure arose from the fact that the silicate being applied in a soluble form, it was liable to be removed from the surface by rain, or even by the humidity of the atmosphere, before the alkali of the silicate could absorb sufficient carbonic acid to precipitate the silica in an insoluble form. But another great and serious defect in this process still existed, viz., that even were it possible to effect the precipitation of the silica, still it would be simply in the form of a gelatinous hydrate possessing no cohesive properties in itself, and, therefore, capable of affording but little (if any) real protection to the stone. It seemed to me, therefore, necessary not only to adopt a process which should ensure an insoluble precipitate independently of the partial and uncertain action of the atmosphere, but that to render such a means efficient, a much more tenacious substance than merely precipitated silica must be introduced, and, in the course of my experiments, I found that by the application of a second solution, composed of chloride of calcium, a silicate of lime would immediately be produced, possessing the strongest cohesive properties, and perfectly independent by atmospheric influences.

"The mode of application is simply this:—The stone or other material of which a building may be composed should be first cleaned, by the removal of any extraneous matter from the surface, and then brushed over with a solution of silicate of soda or potash (the specific gravity of which may be varied to suit the nature of the stone, &c.); when dry, this is followed by a solution of chloride of calcium, applied also with a brush; the lime immediately combines with the silica, forming silicate of lime in the pores of the stone, whilst the chlorine combines with the soda, forming chloride of sodium, or common salt, which is removed at once by an excess of water. Experience has shown that when the silica is once applied to the stone in this manner, it is impossible to remove it unless with the surface of the stone itself.

"The application of this process, which I also patented in France, in March, 1857, has, in every instance in which I have operated, been attended with the most satisfactory results; decay has been prevented in the softest and most friable stones, and where disintegration had commenced prior to its use, this has been at once arrested, and the same stones rendered perfectly hard and durable.

"Amongst other buildings which have been satisfactorily treated by this process, I may allude to the Baptist Chapel in Bloomsbury, the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, and the Custom-House at Greenock, in each of which buildings the stone which before was seriously decomposed is now hard,

and I have every reason to believe is permanently preserved, whereas I am not aware of a single instance in which the application of the silicate of potash or water-glass alone, has proved beneficial in effectually preserving the stone of any public building in this country.

"I would further observe that my various inventions and improvements have been the result of observations made in the actual manufacture and use of the soluble silicates, and that this material is now and has long been largely used in this country for the purposes already described, as also in several other important branches of manufacture.

"F. RANSOME."

COUNTS AND COUNTERFEITS.

An Apologue for the Times.

"I cannot throw a plum-stone out of window," said a traveller on the Continent, "without risking to knock out the eye of a Count." This was said in Paris, where he had just been compelled to pay a slight *amende* for thus unwittingly assaulting M. le Comte Charlemagne de Meringue. The scornful traveller went on to Germany, but there he found the matter worse. In a country where all the sons of a prince are princes, and where princes are as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, he could scarcely touch a sleeve in a crowd without ruffling the plumage of a member of the *fürstliche* house of Taugeweng. The disgusted traveller cut Christendom, and pitched his tent in the East. He had not been under its shadow for an hour ere he had to eject therefrom an exceedingly loathsome mendicant. The assault nearly cost him his life, for he had laid strong hand on the shoulder of Mahomed Aga, Lord Mahomed! Now Agas in the East are even more plentiful than Esquires in England: the commonest artizan, the sorriest beggar, is an Aga, and for an infidel to touch him is, in every sense of the word, a very unpleasant thing—for the infidel. The traveller returned homeward, took Munich by the way, bought a variety of "undoubtedly original pictures," and was so liberal, that an exceedingly gentlemanlike individual one day insinuatingly announced to him that if he were minded to become a Chevalier of the Order of the Four Emperors, the King, like Barkis, "was willing"; and the fees were only a beggarly thousand *gulden*, with an honorarium for the gentlemanlike individual himself. The traveller was sick of titles, and he would not have thanked the man who would have offered to make him a prince by marrying him to that rich and redoubtable damsel, the Princess of Babylon. Accordingly, our traveller came home titleless, a simple "gentleman,"—which is not a disagreeable title, after all; and he hung up his pictures in his family mansion, and every familiar friend who dined with him in turn eagerly pointed out to him how some particular picture was a counterfeit.

"The pictures, then, are like the princes," said the owner, as he one day looked at them despondingly, "they are very numerous, look showy, and are worth little!" He sent them to an auction-room, where they sold for the value of the frames; and the vastly cunning purchasers, who had faith in nothing, save an assumed one in the value and originality of the colours distributed on the canvas, resold them, with a volume of vouchers, for which no additional charge was made, to an amateur whose "banks were all furnished,"—which was more than could be said of his skull.

Well, victim has succeeded to victim, and counterfeit to counterfeit, and despite the law abroad and publicity here, counts and knights are made for a score of pounds or so, in back parlours,—and there is scarcely a capital on the Continent famed for old pictures where there are not clever fellows who obtain a livelihood by painting them, and less clever, but quite as wicked, fellows who build up fortunes by selling them.

With regard to titles, what with those inherited alike by all the sons of one father, and those assumed by the knights of industry or bought by the children of the Simple family,—France herself has grown sick of the luscious abundance. A stringent law has directed its lightnings against fictitious titles of nobility and knighthood, but as in some lands which push up an over-growth of weeds as

soon as the lightning has passed over it, so in France, the fungoid nobility and knights are more lively than ever, and the illicit distillery of dignity is worked with more profit than ever. The French police had, for months, been directed to "come down" upon those audacious smugglers who get up pailfulls from that fountain of honour, of which sovereigns are supposed to hold exclusively the key. The French police, being the most pretentious, most insolent, and most inefficient in the world, after a time sat down in despair. They were suddenly helped to hopefulness by the most dull-witted of simpletons.

This simpleton was an old retired stockjobber. Having set up as a gentleman, he longed for a star, or cross, and the title of "Chevalier"; any order would have suited: he was not proud, and would have accepted the Garter! He soon found himself at the outer gate of the court which led to the temple where was raised the throne, on which sat the individual who sold dignities by the dozen,—and often dirt-cheap. It was some time, however, before he reached the foot of that sublime throne; he was passed from unclean agents to broken-down notaries; from notaries to masters of fence, calling themselves Marquises, and looking sufficiently assassin-like to run a man through twice in one duel; and from these imposing Marquises to a very magnificent counterfeit Count, who condescendingly engaged to procure for the good man athirst for honour the Star and Ribbon of the Order of the Four Emperors,—for the ridiculously small sum of 2,000 francs—80!

A little spark of reason—a remains of stockjobbing sharp-sightedness—came over the amateur of ribbons. He expressed his willingness to pay the fee, but he hesitatingly suggested that he should like to know something of the value of the title-deeds to be made over to him, and also of the personage from whom he was to receive them. The honest agents thought the clear-headed gentleman only exhibited a very proper amount of discretion in his suggestion, which was immediately satisfied. Sir Excelsior Wouldbe was conducted into the presence of a gentleman so courteous, so affable, so glittering with orders, so surrounded by maps, and deeds, and seals, and blazonry, and a blinding glare of impudence, that the honour-seeker felt giddy and breathless. He was in negotiation, he was told, with the cream of honest people. He could not dare to doubt it. He softly murmured the words, by way of inquiry, "The Order of the Four Emperors?"—"I am the historiographer of the Order," said the amazingly imposing Count de Saint Maurice Cebanais,—whose sire kept a small shop in a dirty street hard by. "Oh! Oh!" thought the ex-stockjobber, "if the Count be the historiographer of the Order, the Order exists,"—and so he paid his money in exchange for a diploma.

But no order can be worn in France without a "permit" from the Chancellerie. Thither went our new knight to go through the little formality, and a sickness came over him as he was informed that the order had been defunct for many a long year. He had heard the splendid Count mention the Order of the Lion of Holstein Limbourg; and he humbly asked if such an order were still in existence. The poor man was crestfallen when he was told that there was no such knightly association. "I saw to-day," he said in a musing, melancholy way, a gentleman wearing the ribbon of Don Juan de Nicaragua."—"Then it must have been Don Juan himself," was the reply, "but he is no better a knight for that. We advise you to go to the police."

Thither proceeded the poor plucked pseudo-Chevalier. "You are the very man we desired to see," was the greeting with which he was welcomed by the unsavoury body in question.

Once inform that body, however, where a thing is of which they are in search, and wonderful is the sagacity with which they will discover it. —The capture of the offenders led to the discovery that in nearly every great capital in Europe, London included, there is a manufactory, and also a mart, where honours of various sorts are bought and sold. In Paris, there is the briskest business of this sort. There, under the names of professors

of blazonry, genealogists, chronologists, historiographers, and a dozen other names, the man who will pay ready money for it may have a biography of his own, a genealogy with a complete choice of ancestry, titles of nobility, stars of any order, title-deeds and parchments, the venerable and official look of which almost give warrant to the assertions laboriously engrossed upon them. With these dealers there is just enough mingling of truth with fraud to enable them, on occasion, to claim a certain respectability. Some of them have actually paid certain *principals* of Germany and Italy for permission to retail these orders. They have *livres d'or* with rolls of knights, and their signatures are legally attested,—and there is such a remarkably splendid business-like look about it all, that the Sir Excelsior Wouldbes are entirely taken in. Others, with less authority than this very questionable one, set up the same trade. It is said that the confederates have an establishment in London; and it is only a few years ago that a Count Brown, Jones, or Robinson appeared in public, whose title was traced to the bestower of it in a back parlour.

The business, however, must surely be very languid here; and its activity in France will probably now be not merely temporarily checked, but permanently suppressed. Will it be the same, at home or abroad, with the counterfeit pictures? This, perhaps, is not to be expected; for, after all, a picture to which is given a good name, whereby the better to sell it, may be a picture worth having, which is more than can be said of a false title.

Perhaps, of all cities in Europe, Munich ranks first for having, in modern times at least, produced the most able painters of counterfeit pictures. Some years ago, there was a famous, tippling, joyous, idle, hard-working, devout, blaspheming old fellow, young in his energies, whose hand was marvellously endowed with power of perfectly imitating the style, spirit, design, and colouring of any artist known to fame. Did a travelling amateur want a Raphael,—a dealer who was ambitious of selling one had only to look for the old painter of other men's pieces, in the tavern, and lead him to his easel, with instructions as to what was required. The tipsy limner would only ask if the style was to be that of Raphael before he disengaged himself from the rigidity of his old master, Perugino, or that of his brief, later days. When he had heard the reply, he would promise to have the picture ready perhaps in a couple of hours,—so rapid, so cunning, so well prepared was he with all the requisites for producing an ancient picture. "Poor Raphael!" he would exclaim, but not in the exact spirit of the sign-painter who, deeming he had excelled Titian, compassionately sighed "Poor Titi!" The fact was, that the Munich imitator turned out more "Raphaels" in a couple of years than the great artist achieved during the sixteen years of his labour. His hand was equal to hold any painter's brush, and to use it, too, with effect. If Tintoretto was so lightning-like that he could produce a large finished picture before other artists could accomplish a rough sketch, that was a reason why this Munich conjuror could produce any number in any time assigned. "Il furioso Tintoretto, un fulmine di pennello," was a term applied to the great Venetian; and the jovial Munich, when he chose to work, could imitate the fury and lightning as though he had been to the manner born. So it was, indeed, with him as regarded the artists of any school. He was not like the magician's servant who, taking his master's wand, broke his own head, and reaped a whirlwind of destruction. He could repeat the magic, and was in many respects, as good a master as the original magician. There was one thing he could not do—paint a picture really of his own. His wand had no magic in it then, the spirits would not rise to his summoning; he was only great when his mind was dwelling upon, and his hand following his mind in executing recollections of, the style and beauties of other artists. The biographies of ancient painters allude to many contemporaneous brethren of the art whose only power lay in a superb imitation of the great men whose works they could multiply, while they were unable to achieve one of their own. There was something of this in the Emperor Claudius, who could read with such feeling and

emphasis and beauty the written sentiments of other people, but who could not give tolerable utterance—could not even form a sentiment of his own.

There long existed then a class of artists who produced, indeed, fictitious pictures, but yet pictures of very considerable value. In these later days we have fallen into less pleasant ways. How far sharp dealers may deceive well-to-do gentlemen forming galleries, and willing to pay anything as long as the gallery is filled, we do not undertake to say. That much goes on in picture-dealing, however, that would shock the conscientious virtue of a horse-dealer at a country fair, we may believe, without charity suffering violation. The modern counterfeit pictures and counterfeit Counts are equally worthless. The French law is suppressing the latter; but we fear that as long as there is an amateur worth the trouble of duping, the law will be unable to protect him from the sharp practice to which he is sometimes subjected by crafty dealers who bring dishonour on an honourable profession.

J. D.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE following letter from Mr. Tom Taylor requires neither introduction nor comment—

"Lavender Sweep, Wandsworth, July 21.

"With reference to the impression of Mr. Davies, of Warrington, that I have availed myself of a play of his, printed and performed at Warrington, in planning my comedy of 'The Contested Election,' lately produced at the Haymarket Theatre, I am anxious to take this opportunity of assuring Mr. Davies, through you, that I have never seen his play; that until last week I never heard of his play, or any incident contained in it; that I first learnt its existence from Mr. Davies's letter; and that I am wholly at a loss to account for the resemblances he appeals to in proof of his inference. My comedy of 'The Contested Election' is strictly an original work. The main source of my electioneering incidents will be found in the evidence given before the St. Albans Committee. The incident of the half-notes was suggested to me by an anecdote I heard from Mr. Norton (of the Home Office, and late Chief Justice of Newfoundland) at an occurrence at an Irish election.

"I am, &c. TOM TAYLOR."

The heavens have been teeming of late with sublime sights and sounds, beyond the ordinary sublimity to which eye and ear, and heart too, are accustomed. A Correspondent, writing from Clapham Park, says:—"At five minutes to nine o'clock on Monday evening, immediately before the beginning of the thunderstorm, a very large and bright meteor was observed from this place. It crossed the heavens from N.E. to S.W., appearing near the zenith, and describing an arc of from 45° to 45° towards the horizon. Its size was four or five times that of Venus at her brightest; its shape and colour, a globe of rich and soft blue light, leaving a blue and yellow train after it. Immediately before its vanishing a large bulbous flake of light, about a fourth or fifth of the whole mass, separated in a floating manner from behind, and gave out a hairy train of yellow sparkles, in which it seemed to dissipate its substance. The main globe moved onwards another 6° or 7°, dilating as it went, changing its figure into that of a feathered arrow-head, or almost of a rocket, and emitting continually larger and coarser streams of reddish yellow sparks behind it, till it was also noiselessly consumed and dissipated. The thunderstorm came up precisely in the opposite direction to the course of the meteor—the first flash of lightning, several miles distant, being seen about five minutes after the passage of the latter, and the storm approaching and increasing until midnight. The wind at nine o'clock was S.S.E. Whether this meteor was truly such—atmospherical rather than cosmical—a 'fire-ball' rather than an astrolithe—I leave to more competent observers. Its general aspect and slight apparent altitude (for it seemed almost amongst the clouds) struck me as favourable to the former view. There may have been, however, simultaneous observation at a distance, which your publication of this note

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JAMES KNOWLES, Jun."

From Ewhurst, another Correspondent states, that "previous to the thunderstorm on Monday last, there were very strong indications of negative electricity between seven and nine o'clock A.M. for several mornings in succession. No cloud was visible. Since then my electrometer has shown equally strong positive signs. The storm in question commenced in the south-west (as regards Ewhurst), and passed to the north-east—quarter in which there have been this year numerous aurora-like clouds and strife."

J. P. HARRISON."

On Greenwich time and local time, a Correspondent remarks that "what is common at Plymouth and other western towns is a very simple and excellent plan,—viz., having two minute-hands to the clock—one showing Greenwich and the other local time. This method is at once philosophical and convenient, worthy of adoption throughout the kingdom. Any aspiring horological reformer would serve his day and generation by preaching up so good a system, and satisfy on this contested point the claims in favour of centralization and independence."

Henry Grattan, son of the "great" Grattan, and ex-M.P. for Meath, died suddenly, on Sunday last, of disease of the heart. He left no male heir to be lord of his vast estates—which fall to his two married daughters.

Wide apart are the ways of Louis and Lucien Bonaparte. Those of the latter, at all events, are not illustrated by an out-pouring of blood. Lucien is now in bonny Werdale, translating the Song of Solomon into the dialect of the Dalesmen. This task completed, the Prince will leave the county of Durham, and proceed to Craven, to translate the same Song into the peculiar dialect of that district of Yorkshire. The men about Giggleswick and the dale will be next applying to their clergy to read the Scriptures and preach in the dialects they love.

French historians are known for speaking like partisans rather than as judges, and the boldness with which they make their depositions has been excelled by the pleasant audacity of the Pope's friend, Louis Veuillot. This writer enjoys the privilege of knowing the irresistible cause which led to the late famous armistice. The date of that event was the 8th of July, the festival of St. Elizabeth, whose peculiar gift it is to be able to put an end to the most obstinate warfare. The *Univers*, M. Veuillot's rather sanguinary journal, emphatically states, that the Saint in question has preserved in Heaven her love for peace, and her credit for obtaining it. Accordingly, by reciting the "office of St. Elizabeth," on the 7th and 8th of July, the faithful instantaneously procured by their prayers, and her mediation, a peace which surpasses, we are told, all their expectations. It would seem a matter for regret that St. Elizabeth was not applied to before the war commenced, rather than petitioned to suppress it, after the Emperor Louis Napoleon had determined to bring it to an end. Perhaps the Saint is only efficacious when addressed on the day of her festival. If by being prayed to on that day she were only able to keep the world in tranquillity till the next anniversary, the Peace Society would soon be relieved of all trouble, and literature would happily lack many a page of odious details.

The sister of Chateaubriand, Countess Marigny, living at Dinan, Bretagne, has lately celebrated her 100th birthday.

The Russian Government is becoming more careful than ever touching the instruction of the natives and other residents, in foreign politics and literature. As regards English newspapers, they can only be obtained by subscribing for them at a Russian Post-office, where a list is kept of non-prohibited papers. Literary journals can only be procured through a Russian bookseller, who dares to import only those allowed by the law.

The German journals contain melancholy news concerning Prof. Karl Simrock, of Bonn, the eminent translator and interpreter of the masterpieces of Old German poetical literature. His mind has been deranged by an excess of fear and anxiety, it is asserted, in consequence of the late political events,—and his friends have removed him accord-

ingly to a private asylum near Stuttgart, where, we sincerely hope, a judicious treatment may soon give him back to health, to his family, and to his so suddenly and so sadly interrupted labours. Surely a case like this claims our warmest and most heartfelt sympathies; however, we cannot suppress one remark. What use is the study of Old German poetry, that glorious and never-to-be-lost landmark of the nation, unless it comforts, strengthens, and encourages a man in times of an impending national crisis? Certainly, of all Germans, Simrock ought to have been the last to lose heart at the thought of the mere possibility of Russians and Frenchmen watering their horses in the river of the Nibelungen! There is a strange anomaly in translating, with a relish, the massacre of the Nibelungen by the vengeance of Chriemhild, and the rude and barbarous thrashings of the Recken of the Heldenbuch, and in thus feebly breaking down under the apprehension of a possible national calamity. We doubt not that there is the truest patriotism, but we are afraid, at the same time, that there is a vast amount of weakness and pusillanimity at the bottom of this sad story.

Germany has lost one of her most famed and eminent female scholars. Frau Dr. Heidereich, née von Siebold, died at Darmstadt a fortnight ago. She was born in 1792, studied the science of midwifery at the Universities of Göttingen and Giessen, and took her Doctor's degree in 1817, non *honoris causa* by favour of the faculty, but, like any other German student, by writing the customary Latin dissertation, as well as by bravely defending in public disputation a number of medical theses. After that, she took up her permanent abode at Darmstadt, indefatigable in the exercise, and universally honoured as one of the first living authorities, of her special branch of science.

A monster balloon, furnished with paddle-wheels for propelling it in any direction, left St. Louis for New York at seven in the evening of the 1st of July. The aeronauts descended at Rochester (Lake Ontario) to land one of the passengers. In doing this they were caught in a hurricane, which drove them out to sea,—and they were fain to save themselves in a metallic lifeboat, which they prudently carried with them. They had then gone over 1,150 miles in twenty hours.

A feat which says much for the memory of the eye, to say nothing more of it, was recently performed by a man named Blondin. This acrobat, who had previously crossed above the Falls of Niagara, on a tight rope, subsequently repeated the foolhardy act, blindfold, with his head in a bag.

On the subject of the Wroxeter Excavations, Mr. Wright sends us an interesting letter:—

"Sydney Street, Brompton, July 19.

"There is a circumstance connected with these excavations of a very singular character, which has not yet been laid before the public in any connected account, and which I think has considerable interest in a scientific point of view. During the time the excavators were excluded from the ground on which the principal excavations lie, they were employed in a field occupied by a more friendly tenant, Mr. W. H. Ostley, which lies on the top of ground which slopes very rapidly to the River Severn, and adjoins the Watling Street road, at a short distance from what appears to have been a principal entrance to the town, and where this road crossed the river. Nothing was found in this field but an ancient well, a few yards deep, which is now left open, and is partly filled with clear spring water; but in an orchard in one corner of it, abutting upon the Watling Street road, and a short distance *within* the walls of the Roman city, a number of human skeletons were met with. Dr. Johnson obtained five skulls, and was surprised to find that four out of the five were characterized by a very remarkable and uniform deformity, which consisted in a sort of twist of the head, so that the face must have looked at you in a manner obliquely, one eye advancing more forward than the other. Of these four skulls, in two the obliquity was from a different side of the head from the other two. Since the men quitted this spot, and returned to continue their former diggings, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Samuel Wood, of Shrewsbury, joined in a further exploration of this corner of ground on their

own account, and found that it was literally filled with human remains, which did not appear to have been interred with any funeral rites. They obtained, I believe, upwards of sixteen skulls, the majority of which presented in a more or less degree the same kind of deformity. This circumstance is very difficult of explanation. One or two objects found with them were decidedly Roman, but within the walls of a Roman town this might be expected, without any reference to the skeletons, and we know that Romans never interred their dead within the walls of a town. In fact, interment in towns was only established in this country at a comparatively late period, perhaps hardly before the eighth century, and that only in connexion with a church. I am not aware that there is any reason for supposing that any ecclesiastical establishment ever existed on this particular spot, in fact, probability seems rather against it. The only explanation which presents itself, and that is not without its difficulties, is that this may have been a point at which the enemies forced their way into Uriconium when it was ruined, that many of them had been slain in the struggle, that this spot had, perhaps, been open ground, and that the friends of the slain, before they abandoned the burning town, dug trenches and buried them. In this case it is possible that the deformity of the skulls may have been characteristic of race in some of the invaders of Roman Britain. The forms of the skulls all show a very low degree of intelligence, and the individuals to whom they belonged must have been frightfully ugly. Perhaps some of your scientific readers may be able to throw some light on this singular discovery.

"I am, &c., THOMAS WRIGHT."

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY, with a Collection of Pictures by Ancient Masters and deceased British Artists, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten to Six P.M. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

WILL SHORTLY CLOSE.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), OPEN from Nine till Dusk.—Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS. The TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, daily from Nine till Dusk.—Admittance, 1s.; Season Tickets, 5s.

JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

FRENCH EXHIBITION, 120, Pall Mall.—The SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN. Also in the same building, Madame Bouchon's Sketches in Aquarelle, &c.—Admittance, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d. each. From Ten till Six.

THE HEART OF THE ANDES, by Frederic E. Church (Painter of the Great Fall, Niagara), being exhibited by MELLOR & SON, Lithographers to the Queen, at the GERMAN GALLERY, 16, New Bond Street.—Admittance, One Shilling.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF ANATOMY and SCIENCE, 389, OXFORD STREET, nearly opposite the Princess's Theatre. This splendid Institution is now complete, and OPEN DAILY, for GENTLEMEN ONLY, from Eleven A.M. till Ten P.M. Popular Lectures take place six times every day, illustrated by Scientific Apparatus, and the most superb Collection of Anatomical Specimens to be found in the world; also extraordinary natural wonders and curiosities. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, Free.—"A really splendid collection."

SCIENCE

A Treatise on Problems of Maxima and Minima, solved by Algebra. By Ramchundra, late Teacher of Science, Delhi College. (Allen & Co.)

This is a reprint of a work produced at Calcutta in 1850, at the author's own expense. Copies were sent to England by the late Dr. Drinkwater Bethune, and, amongst other persons, to Prof. De Morgan, who called the attention of the late Court of Directors to the merits of the work. The Court, after inquiries in India, which resulted in a present of 2,000 rupees and a khillat (dress of honour) to Ramchundra, accepted Prof. De Morgan's offer to superintend a reprint, and to furnish a preface. In this preface the grounds of the proceeding are explained: the following extract shows one of the most striking of them. The title-page tells us that the book is "reprinted by order of the Honourable Court of Directors of the East India Company, for circulation in Europe and India."

in India, in acknowledgment of the merit of the author, and in testimony of the sense entertained of the importance of independent speculation as an instrument of national progress in India."—

"Greek geometry, as all who have read Euclid may guess, gained its strength by *striving against self-imposed difficulties*. It was not permitted to take instruments from every conception which the human mind could form; definite limitation of means was imposed as a condition of thought, and it was sternly required that every feat of progress should be achieved by those means, and no more. Just as the Greek architecture studied the production of rich and varied effect out of the simplest elements of form, so the Greek geometry aimed at the demonstration of all the relations of figure on the smallest amount of postulated basis. The great problem of squaring the circle, now with good reason held in low esteem, was the struggle of centuries to bring under the dominion of the prescribed means what might with the utmost ease have been conquered by a very small additional allowance. The attempt was unsuccessful; so was that of Columbus to discover India from the west. But Columbus commenced the addition of America to the known world; and in like manner the squarers of the circle, and their refuters, added field on field to the extent of geometry, and aided largely in the preparation for the modern form of mathematics. Very few of these additions would have been made, at or near the time when they were made, if it had satisfied the Greek mind to meet each difficulty, as it occurred, by permission to use additional assumptions in geometry. The remains of the Hindoo algebra and geometry show to us no vestige of any attempt to gain force of thought by struggling against limitation of means: this, of course, because their mode of demonstration does not appear in the works which are left, or at least in those which have become known to Englishmen. But we have here a native of India who turns aside, at no suggestion but that of his own mind, and applies himself to a problem which has hitherto been assigned to the differential calculus, under the condition that none but purely algebraical process shall be used. He did not learn this course of proceeding from his European guides, whose aim it has long been to push their readers into the differential calculus with injurious speed, that they may reach the full application of mathematics to physics; and who often allow their pupils to read Euclid with eyes shut to his limitations. Ramchundra proposed to himself a problem which a beginner in the differential calculus masters with a few strokes of the pen in a month's study, but which might have been thought hardly within the possibilities of pure algebra. His victory over the theory of the difficulty is complete. Many mathematicians of sufficient power to have done as much would have told him, when he first began, that the end proposed was perhaps unattainable by any amount of thought; next, that when attained, it would be of no use. But he found in the demands of his own spirit an impulse towards speculation of a character more fitted to the state of his own community than the imported science of his teachers. He applied to the branch of mathematics which is indigenous in India, the mode of thought under which science made its greatest advances in Greece. My own strong suspicion that it was the want of this mode of thought which allowed the decline of algebra in ancient India, coupled with my thorough conviction that, whether or no, this mode of thought is the proper nutriment for mathematical science in its early and feeble life, produced the recommendation to the Court of Directors to which this reprint owes its existence."

A few words for the mathematician. Ramchundra's algebraical exercise is as follows. Given a rational function of x , it is required to find the values of x which make it a maximum or a minimum without any use of increments, and without any process which involves or implies the conception of the *derived function*.

It was Ramchundra's purpose to found an elementary work upon his method; and he has done this in a manner which strikingly illus-

trates the patience of the Hindoo character. We never saw a book in which the details of algebraical operation are so minutely handled, and so often repeated. The editor reminds the European critics that "Ramchundra's purpose is to teach Hindoos, and that probably he knows better how to do this than they could tell him;" which is no doubt the true defence. There is a class of students among ourselves who would be all the better for one book in which algebraical operation is so thoroughly macadamized.

In the Preface an account of Ramchundra's life is given, nearly in his own words. He was converted, or rather converted himself, to Christianity some years before the mutiny. There is some sly humour about the following account of his previous mental state. After speaking of the attacks which he had printed on Hindoo "superstitions and idolatries" the author proceeds thus:—

"The result of this was that many of our countrymen, the Hindoos, condemned us as infidels and irreligious; but as we did not advocate Christianity, but only recommended a kind of deism, and as we never lost our caste publicly, by eating and drinking, all our free discussions did not much alarm our Hindoo friends. When in private meetings, our friends, seeing us so warmly advocating English science and knowledge, taunted us by saying we will become Christians, as such and such pundit had become, then we considered this as an insult, and stated in reply that the pundit referred to had not received any English education, and that he was ignorant, and was therefore deceived by the missionaries, whom we considered as ignorant and superstitious as our own uneducated friends. We went so far as to challenge our Hindoo friends to bring any Christian missionary to us, and see whether he can persuade us. It was then my conscientious belief that educated Englishmen were too much enlightened to believe in any bookish religion except that of reason and conscience, or deism. Sometimes, when the late Baptist missionary, Mr. Thompson, stopped me in the bazaar, and required me to think of my eternal concerns, and gave me some tracts, &c. in Persian and Oordoo, I did not speak to him much,—received parts of the New Testament, &c., and when I returned home I put them in a corner, and never read them. Once a learned Mohamedan came to me with a copy of the New Testament in Oordoo, and having read some portion of St. Paul's epistles, spoke greatly against the apostle and the missionaries in general, because St. Paul teaches that circumcision is of no use for salvation. His object in reading this to me was to get an English scholar and a teacher of English science to agree with him in saying how absurd Christianity and Christians were. Though what he read was in my mother tongue, still it was wholly Greek to me; I did not understand the question. In order to put a stop to this talk, in which I had then no interest, I briefly told him that, for my part, I considered not only Christianity, but also Mohamedanism, and all bookish religions, as absurd and false. Upon this all Hindoos and Mohamedans present paid me the compliment of being a philosopher, and departed with marks of approbation and goodwill."

When Ramchundra published his work, the Calcutta reviewers pronounced an unfavourable verdict. Fortunately for the author, and for the cause of progress in India, the President of the Council of Education at Calcutta saw clearer and further than they did. *Horrescimus referentes*, the government functionary was in advance of the press, and the stimulus which we may hope will be given by the honours paid in Europe to what Ramchundra calls "a poor native of Delhi like myself," is to be traced to the sound judgment of that most excellent and enlightened friend of India, Drinkwater Bethune, who encouraged the humble teacher by praise and presents, and sent copies of his work to England. His own lamented death pre-

vented his further action, whatever it was to have been; it is most likely that, so soon as he was fortified by some opinion in England, he intended to complete his work by recommending Ramchundra to the notice of the Home Government.

MEDICAL BOOKS.

Outlines of Physiology. By John Hughes Bennett, M.D. (Edinburgh, Black.)—This work is primarily intended as a text-book for the author's lectures on Physiology, in the University of Edinburgh. It is what it professes to be, an outline of the whole subject of physiology; but in its arrangement and details it contains so large an amount of original matter, as to claim the attention of the matured student of biology. Dr. Bennett is very happy in the manner in which he has seized on the fundamental facts of physiological science, and made them subservient to his brief outline. Whilst all detail is avoided, we miss no fundamental principle that needs enunciation for the establishment of the science of physiology. The old practitioner of medicine, who has no time to wade through Carpenter's elaborate treatise, will find Dr. Bennett's little book a good refresher of his memory and guide to what is doing in science; whilst the general reader, anxious to get a bird's-eye view of the great facts of human physiology, will not find in our language a work at once so brief and perspicuous as this by Dr. Bennett.

General Debility and Defective Nutrition. By Alfred Smeet. (Churchill.)—Mr. Smeet is always amusing, if he is not profound. Like most men who never doubt their own convictions, he writes vivaciously; and his pungent remarks on the opinions of others give a relish to his own. In all he has written there has been an amount of acute observation which has saved his theories from contempt. He does not consider sufficiently his own reputation; and in his Aphidean theory of Potos disease, his Electrical Theories of Life, and this book on debility, we find the same fundamental error running through all he has done. To say that he pushes the theory of debility as a cause of disease too far, is only to say that he has fallen into his usual error. With this drawback it is most practical, and even amusing; its racy style and numerous illustrations have evidently resulted from the necessity of treating on a large subject in a short space. These remarks were originally penned at the annual oration at the Hunterian Medical Society. We commend them to the practitioner of medicine, as containing the expression of thoughts on the subject of the general theory of disease, which are very generally agitating the medical mind.

A Handbook of Hospital Practice. By Robert D. Lyons, M.D. (Longmans & Co.)—This is a work intended for the student of medicine at the bedside,—more especially when the bed is in a hospital. The directions for examining cases are very judicious, and are more practical than theoretical. There is, perhaps, a too great tendency at the present day to write all our medical manuals in a scientific and systematic form. Dr. Lyons, whilst giving all credit to systematic instruction and reading, has prepared in this handbook for the medical student an eminently practical volume. We can unhesitatingly recommend it as a valuable pocket companion to all gentlemen "walking the Hospital."

Art versus Nature in Disease. By A. Henriquez. (Leath & Ross.)—When Sir John Forbes asserted in his 'Art and Nature in Disease' that disease had a natural tendency to result in health, although the assertion was as old as Hippocrates, he aimed a death-blow at all those false systems of medicine which are based upon the assumption, that disease would kill but for the aid of medicine. The cure by magic, the healers by cold-water, the givers of infinitesimal globules, with the herd of miserable quacks who deal in unclean remedies, felt that their gains were gone should such a proposition once become generally believed. Once let the public believe that their maladies were under the control of beneficent agencies, which would end in health, then would physic be thrown to the dogs, and the

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dom of quackery be sealed. Hence the production of works like the present, which, without any attempt at the refutation of the principles advocated by Sir John Forbes, deal in the most random assertions with regard to the laws of health and disease and methods of cure. Mr. Henriquea is a thick-and-thin disciple of Hahnemann; he is a believer in a vital principle, and in the action of infinitesimal doses, and the other absurdities of this system. No wonder at his objection to the philosophic humility and manly candour of Sir John Forbes.

An Examination of the Question of Anæsthesia. By the Hon. Truman Smith. (New York, Gray.)

—It is generally known in this country that the merit of the discovery of the anaesthetic properties of nitrous oxide gas is due to Dr. Beddoes and Sir Humphry Davy. The great scientific fact of the influence of the nitrous gas over the human system was first demonstrated in this country; but the application of this fact was first made in the United States. The honour of the latter is, however, disputed. Drs. Jackson and Morton were the first names with which this application was associated in our country; and the latter, we know, was recommended by the United States Senate to receive a national reward. But another candidate for this honour has appeared in the son of Dr. Charles Wells, who claims it for his father. The object of this book is to substantiate Dr. Wells's claims to be regarded as the discoverer of the application of nitrous oxide for the production of anaesthesia in the extraction of teeth. Those who are interested in this subject will do well to consult this work. It gives a curious picture of the doings of the United States Senate. Morton, one of the candidates for the rewards of the Senate, is represented as spending 50,000 dollars in dining and treating the members of the Senate, who are to vote him a handsome sum from the government chest.

A System of Dental Surgery. By John Tomes. (Churchill.)—This is one of the series of Manuals published by the house of Churchill, which, on account of their accuracy, form, and excellent getting up, have had an immense sale. Those who know Mr. Tomes's writings on the structure and physiology of the teeth would expect that this work would be inferior to none in the series. It is smaller, which is perhaps an advantage, as there has undoubtedly been a tendency in some of Mr. Churchill's authors to spin out their matter to meet the requirements of the series. Mr. Tomes's work is illustrated with woodcuts; and there is no other work now in our language that can compare with it on the subject of Dental Surgery.

On the Hygienic Management of Infants and Children. By T. Herbert Barker, M.D. (Churchill.)—That nearly half of our population dies before it is five years old, is not for the want of a knowledge of the causes of this frightful mortality, or of books devoted to their exposition and removal. The real cause of it lies in the almost helpless ignorance in which people live of the laws of life. No amount of death and disease seems to produce any general conviction on the part of the public, that they may be prevented by an intelligent apprehension of their causes. This ignorance is most fatal amongst our female population. To them we commit the care of our children; and, through the utter and entire neglect of educating them in the nature and requirements of infant life, the monstrous mortality of which we have spoken occurs. To all intelligent women—married or single, poor or rich—who would do something towards mitigating the frightful destruction of infant life that is daily going on amongst us, we can confidently recommend Dr. Barker's volume. He has not written for his professional brethren, but for the public, and in a style that every one can understand. We recommend this volume, not only to the housewife who sees after her own children, but to lady-mothers, to present to their nursemaids, as unfortunately, in the present state of society, the latter have much more of the management of children, at the most delicate and susceptible portion of their lives, than even mothers themselves.

On the Influence of Variations of Electric Tension as the Remote Cause of Epidemic and other Diseases.

By William Craig. (Churchill.)—When will medical men learn that, before they can speak of the action of external agents in life with satisfaction, they must understand the nature of these external agents? Here is Dr. Craig rushing into the same vortex of speculation in which thousands have lost their reputation before, on the relation between electricity and disease. This book is a tissue of speculation, which has no foundation in fact or experience from beginning to end. Such books lead to no good, and only serve to bewilder those who read them. The causes of epidemic diseases are better known than they were; and this has arisen from a careful observation of facts in connexion with the known laws of natural phenomena. In such a path the medical philosopher will one day arrive at the truths that are now hidden from his view. But by no vaulting into the regions of speculation can he expect to arrive at any explanation of that which at present appears difficult and mysterious.

FINE ARTS

Arundel Society Publications for 1857.

THE great work produced this year is a chromolithograph of 'The Madonna and the Saints,' from the fresco of Ottaviano Nelli, in the church of S. Maria Nuova at Gubbio. This fresco of Nelli is of great importance in the history of Art, because it was in Gubbio that the Umbrian school was founded. There can be little doubt that Palmerucci, the pupil of Oderigi, the illuminator whom Dante praises, formed his style from studying the works of Giotto, when he was painting at the neighbouring town of Assisi. Amongst the students of this Nelli's works were, Gentile da Fabriano and Giovanni Sanzio, the father of Raphael.

At the end of the fifteenth century the school of Gubbio was absorbed into that which Vanucci founded at Perugia, which produced Raphael, and in him the culmination of one order of painting.

Of Gubbio and its painters, Mr. Layard says:—

"It would be difficult to find among the cities of Central Italy one more picturesque or interesting than Gubbio, the ancient capital of Umbria. Built on a steep declivity of the Apennines, it still retains most of the architectural features of the Middle Ages, so characteristic of the period of Italian freedom—machicolated walls and towers, narrow streets, and a stately 'Palazzo Pubblico' or Town-Hall. Like other free cities which rose to power in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it was distinguished for the magnificence of its public buildings, and for the protection which it extended to the Fine Arts. Its own chroniclers claim for one of its citizens the honour of having founded a school of painting, which exercised no small influence throughout Italy, and ultimately attaining to great eminence, was known as the Umbrian School. Dante, in the *Purgatorio* (c. 100), addresses in terms of friendship one Oderisi, or Oderigi, whom he calls 'the honour of Agobbio, and of the art of illuminating.' Amongst his pupils was Guido or Guiduccio Palmerucci, who was born about 1280, four years later than Giotto. He seems to have abandoned missal painting, and to have been chiefly employed, as was the custom of the time, in decorating with frescoes the public buildings and churches of his native city, and of the neighbouring towns of Umbria."

Tenderness, grace, and religious sentiment were the characteristics of Palmerucci, who seems, in the days of Italian freedom, to have spent the flower of his life in decorating the civic buildings of his native city.

Of Nelli Mr. Layard writes:—

"One of Palmerucci's scholars, Martino Nelli, painted frescoes after the manner of his master, but of no great merit, in many churches and public buildings of Gubbio. Some fragments of them still remain. He appears to have had two sons, who were brought up in his 'bottega.' The one who distinguished himself the most in his art was Ottaviano, called after his father 'di Martino Nelli,' a designation subsequently corrupted into 'Ottaviano de Martis.' He appears to have remained but a short time in Perugia, for in 1403 he painted, for the noble family of Pinoli, the votive fresco in the church of S. Maria Nuova, at Gubbio, representing the Madonna and Saints, of which a copy is included in the publication of the Arundel Society for 1857. The picture was probably ordered in fulfilment of a vow to the Virgin during the illness of a member of the family, or at the time of some public calamity. It was customary to make such vows to the Virgin, or to a patron Saint, and many of the finest frescoes and altar-pictures in Italy were thus executed for cities and public corporations, as well as for private individuals. In Nelli's fresco we find two figures kneeling before the Virgin—one a man advanced in years, the other a youth. They are evidently portraits of the persons for whom it was painted, and Signor Bonfatti conjectures that they represent Venturuccio del Pinoli and his son Pinolo. The Virgin, clothed in robes richly em-

broidered in gold, is seated in front of a curtain held by angels. The Infant Christ standing on her knee, and in the act of blessing with his right hand, stretches out his left to the younger of the two worshippers, who is conducted by a guardian angel to the Saviour. The other kneeling figure presented to the Madonna by St. Antony the Abbot, his patron Saint. On the opposite side is a second Saint, probably St. Paul, holding a book in one hand, and a palm branch, the sign of martyrdom, in the other. The Almighty, supported above the Virgin by a cluster of angels and cherubim, holds a crown over her head. Angels, playing on instruments of music, complete the group. The ground of the picture is covered with a rich diaper pattern, varied with figures of birds and animals. The erection of a modern altar has injured the lower part of the fresco, and has destroyed the feet of the principal figures."

And, again, in summary:—

"We find in Nelli's fresco the germ of nearly all those beauties and peculiar characteristics, which subsequently distinguished the masterpieces of Pietro Perugino, and still more of his pupil, Raphael. There is the same feeling for rich and glowing colour, the same devotional sentiment, the same grace in the attitudes and forms of the human figure, the same tender and melancholy expression in the heads, the same warm, harmonious flesh tints, so different from those of the Florentine school. The technical skill, the power of rendering truthfully and completely all that the painter feels, is alone wanting to render the work almost perfect of its kind. In the head of the Virgin, especially, we trace the type of the Madonnas of Perugino and Raphael; and types such as these mark, perhaps more than anything else, the character of a school. Of this head, singularly beautiful and pathetic in its extreme simplicity, a tracing from the original has been added—the Council of the Arundel Society desiring to afford additional means of judging of the peculiar style of the artist by reproducing, as correctly as possible, outlines of the principal heads. The figure of the Infant Christ is the most defective part of the fresco. The expression of the head is befitting the subject, but the drawing of the nude, which is in parts slightly veiled by thin white drapery, is incorrect and cramped, showing the usual faults of works of the period. There is much dignity and religious feeling in the heads of the two Saints. The angels playing on musical instruments are arch, dainty little figures, full of artless grace, reminding one of the angels of Fra Angelico or Gentile da Fabriano. The disposition of the group shows that the painter had not released himself from the conventional treatment of religious subjects prescribed in the fourteenth century. The general tone of colour in the fresco is singularly rich and harmonious, and has earned for it the name by which it is known to the people of Gubbio, of the 'Madonna del Belvedere.' It is one of the very few works of the beginning of the fifteenth century, which is still, except where destroyed by a modern erection, in almost perfect preservation. It owes its present condition partly to having been long covered with glass, as an object of peculiar devotion to the inhabitants of the city, but principally to the material in which it is painted. There is a brilliancy, transparency, and solidity in the colours, and a compactness and a property of resisting decay in the 'intonaco,' or prepared plaster, which produce the effect of a painting in 'smalto,' or encaustic."

Nelli's Madonna and Saints have, we should be afraid, been rather idealized into prettiness by Mrs. Burr. The angels' noses are so exquisitely and pertly *retrossé* and Roxolani; their garments are of such neat trim colours; and their eyebrows are arched and cosmetized, we could almost venture to guess. And yet, no doubt, Mrs. Burr appreciated the love of colour and the sort of furniture splendour and luxury with which Ottaviano Nelli chose to invest heaven and the little tuft of angels that are placing the coronet on the virgin's favoured head. Indeed, when an artist launches out into the sea of fancy there is no end to the prettinesses he may crowd together, for he has no fetter to stay him,—not even if he gives his angels, as here, green and saffron wings, or makes his background sapphire blue with a diaper of ruby crosses and gilt stars, or makes one minister of grace tweaking on the guitar and another sawing at a violin. Then, besides curtains and other draperies held up behind the Virgin for the sake of missal-like colour by angels in white and green, we have a saint supporting by the back of his nightcap head some patron of the Gubbio church, who kneels there in black with a blue cap, and strong-marked brows. Altogether this fresco, so pleasantly reproduced, may be adduced as a specimen of a certain ornate kind of church decoration, in which Nature was ignored for the sake of gorgeous colour and a certain typical composition.

The 'Washing of the Disciples' Feet' and 'The Kiss of Judas,' engraved on wood, by Messrs. Dalziel, from drawings by Mr. W. Oliver Williams, after the frescoes by Giotto in the Arena Chapel, Padua, we presume close the series. They are cut in the same solid, firm, rather heavy way as usual, but carefully retaining the earnest fervour of the early poet of Art. The first

of these pictures is treated in a new way, and with an anxious piety and labour that is at once admirable and incomparable, stammering as is the utterance and uncertain the hand of the painter. Peter is so ardent and impetuous in his anxiety to receive some greater share of the blessing than his fellow apostles, — Our Saviour, with the towel tucked in his girdle, looks at him with such tender love and pity, and the other figures of the two novices, for instance, so full of respect and veneration, and that excellent figure of the Apostle to the left, replacing his sandal with tranquil joy at the favour his Divine Master has bestowed on him. By a daring convention the roof is shown above the figures, and the birds seated on it indicate the intense calmness of the scene. 'The Kiss of Judas,' is an admirable contrast to the above, because it shows the versatility and power of the painter. The figures are in a dense mass around Our Saviour, who is kissing the traitor as if almost unconscious of his treachery. The air is afame with the waving fire of the cressets, and one soldier is winding a horn, as he would at a wild beast hunt, to announce the capture,—another brandishes a brutal club, and the sky is barred here and there with dreadful crescent-shaped bills and axes. As the picture is for Giotto an unusually daring one, we find, as we might expect, more than the usual amount of quaintness and uncertainty. There is a Roman officer there, with just such a helmet and tunic as boys draw on the fly-leaves of their Cesars. There is a boldly-conceived figure with bandaged legs, who is literally rushing to interrupt the indignant Apostle who is quietly sawing off the ear of the priest-servant. Suddenly of action was more than the infant art of Giotto could express. The face of Judas is that of a bad and swollen priest, with Giotto's usually hard brows and receding foreheads. In our Saviour's eye there is a tenderness and fervent love that only Giotto could have given.

The outlines of heads in the fresco of the 'Madonna and Saints,' lithographed under the direction of Mr. L. Gruner, though a little faint and frittered in line, are of great purity of beauty, and the size adds greatly to the completion of one's impression. The striped hood and the star on the left shoulder, the birds and *renaissance* foliage on the Virgin's robe, in the Gubbio fresco, the rayed and dotted nimbus, so evidently implying a metal disk, contrast daintily with the modest, bended head and the eyes so full of patient adoration. One can never tire of watching the lines of that full, round chin and of that maidenly eye. The Saint, too, with the head all crisp, with curling rings of hair, with the palm-branch looking so painfully like a birch rod, his robe lettered at the margin and stamped with trefoil and quatrefoil, the head bare at the nape and flat at the top, and the mouth firm-closed, yet smiling, form altogether a pleasant type of the pictured saint and patriarch. The hands are as beautifully drawn as those of the infant Saviour.

The 'Christ among the Doctors,' printed in colours, by Mr. A. Brooks, from a drawing by Signor Mariarelli, after the fresco by Pinturicchio, in the Cathedral of Spello, was well worth reproducing. It is admirable for the variety of character as well as being a type of the school at a certain interesting epoch. The Doctors and other spectators are drawn up, somewhat formally, on a lozenged marble floor on either side of the boy Saviour, and in front of a certain large-domed summer-house that stands muster for the Temple. Its yellow-scaled dome, pilastered doorway, with artfully-perspectived roof and its purple pinnacle, lead us, as past a striking landscape of toy trees, a cripple, a soldier, and some bystanders and outlying Pharisees, to the central figure of the Child, and Joseph, and the Virgin, who stand wistful and full of wonder and veneration, at the right-hand side. The floor in front of the young disputant, who rests his reasoning right-hand finger on the tips of his left hand, is strewed with volumes of the Law that have been used for reference. And there, scornful, admiring, astonished, or adoring, are the Doctors, gorgeously clad in every variety of quasi-Oriental robe and head-dress, conical, turbaned, or latticed like a tartlet. Indeed, the episodes of

costume are infinitely amusing, even as mere records of the Peruginesque age. There is a little boy, with sealing-wax legs, tight and red-hosed,—and a Doctor clad in solemn black,—and a sumptuous noble in gorgeous dressing-gown and ear-rings,—and an old lady in almost monastic dress, with a bag-pouch (eminently housewifely) hanging by her side. Nor is the landscape to be passed over, with the Dutch toy-firs, the blue sweetmeat mountains, the green carpet of turf, the little hearth-broom cypresses, and the extraordinary tall tree, so thickly studded with vermillion fruit, probably intended for apples. The picture is good in colour; indeed, so varied are the Doctors' robes that the picture resembles a feast of the Magi. Christ himself wears a robe of purple and blue; the Virgin has the usual ultramarine mantle, with a powdered-gold border, and Joseph leans on a crutch-headed staff. About the whole, in spite of its Peruginesque pedantry of misplaced architecture, preposterous currant-bush trees, unnatural marbled foreground and conventional costume, there is a singular charm inherent in the simple piety that pervades it, and in its unselfish singleness of purpose. The story is quietly and yet completely told,—the child Christ is earnest, and yet child-like in his reasoning, and the Doctors intent on correcting him, or putting him down as an impostor or a mere boy.

FINE-ART GOSSIP. — A young Polish artist, Boryczewski by name, has just been commissioned by the Librarian of the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg to execute a bust of Sir Roderick Murchison. The model in clay is now exhibiting at the Museum in Jermyn Street, and is certainly a most faithful representation of Sir Roderick. M. Boryczewski comes to this country with a strong recommendation from the late Baron Humboldt, and his first effort has more than realized the hopes held out by his distinguished patron.

A small pamphlet, from the hand of Mr. D. Burges, the architect, a worthy pupil of Didron, on the 'Iconography of the Chapter House, Salisbury,' deserves some notice, not only from its antiquarian Art interest, but from its suggesting to us some arguments against the undue importance attached by the ingenious author to the remains of polychromatic Gothic architecture. As far as we can discover, the colouring at Salisbury must have been heavy, barbarous, and hideous, and in no respect worthy of the missal painters and glass painters of the thirteenth century. But first, to what the remains were. The Salisbury Chapter House, though repaired by Wren, and robbed of its painted glass, is interesting as one of the few examples of English iconography that escaped the whitewash of the Reformers and the crushing hammer of the Puritans. The original condition of these remains before re-painting, Mr. Burges's pamphlet alone records. These curious figures of the Chapter House are now hypothetically restored, and those in the vaulting of the choir are whitewashed. In the niches of the arch of the vestibule of the Chapter House are fourteen small niches, containing figures of the Conquest of the Vices by the Virtues, from the Psychomachia of Prudentius, a subject portrayed both at Canterbury and Chartres. The subjects are not unlike some of Giotto's allegories.—Concord trampling on Discord, who is murdering a man,—Temperance pouring liquor down the throat of Drunkenness,—Generosity pours molten coin down the throat of Avarice, &c. Well, what was the colour used by the great artists who designed these figures of the Medieval Holy War? Why, one Virtue has a white robe powdered with black lozenges, another a yellow robe, with chocolate lozenges. The teeth are marked out with black lines, and the flesh painted with pinkish white passed over yellow ochre. Finding nothing beyond the tasteful Hot-tent here, let us pass to the interior, where the Angelic Liturgy is in the windows, with arms and portraits of the founders, and where the arcades are filled with the history of man, and a series of heads representing the various classes of life at the period of the building's erection. Some of these

drawings of scriptural subjects differing much from the Bible version, Mr. Burges searched the Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs and other books in vain to discover the source of these variations, but succeeded in discovering their resemblance to some of the illustrations in the Queen Mary's Psalter (Cotton, 2 B. vii). Now for the colour of these remains of scriptural legend. In one place, the sky is painted light green, and lake,—the trunks of trees yellow,—grapes are painted red. All the faces are painted alike, with yellow hair and black eye brows, like wax dolls. The clouds are yellow and green,—the angels' wings pink.—Eve has a green distaff,—a horse is shaded with blue. Now, where does this toy-painting leave us?—but in the same groping uncertainty that the Nineveh daubings and the peppermint reds and blues of old Athenian work leave us. In a word, it cannot be denied that at present we have no real standard for architectural polychromy,—no rule, in fact, even to help our architects to worthily decorate the interior of a building. All is experimental and uncertain. We do not think these notes of Mr. Burges prove that the thirteenth century polychromy can do much for us.

According to a resolution passed by the Academic Senate, at Dresden, a *rilievo* portrait of the late Gottlob von Quandt is to be fixed outside the Royal Academy.

After a lengthened absence, the Belgian painter, M. Louis Gallait, has returned to Brussels, and is now busy finishing his large tableau of 'Dallil.'

The Noel House collection of antiquities, and pictures and drawings, by ancient and modern masters, formed by the late John and Thomas Auljo, Esqrs., was disposed of last week, by order of the executors of the late Miss Auljo, by Messrs. Christie & Manson. The carved cabinets fetched moderate prices; and a Portrait of Lady Hamilton by Romney, realized only 10*l.*—The Bouverie collection of drawings by the old masters, the property of a nobleman, was disposed of on Wednesday last by the same auctioneers.

In order to complete the statues and *rillievi* which were left by Thorwaldsen, at his death, unfinished, the City of Copenhagen has voted, for six years an annual sum of 1,000 rix-dalers. The sculptor Bissen has undertaken the gratuitous direction of these works.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS. — ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—LAST SIX DAYS IN LONDON. Open EVERY NIGHT at 8 P.M. The first night's REPRESENTATION will take place on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, July 25, at 3 P.M. Three—Dinner—1*l.* 1*s.* Unreserved Seats, 2*s.*; Gallery, 1*s.* Tickets and places may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street, and at the Hall.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

THE pile before us is so high as to make the reduction of it difficult, let us be ever so brief in our remarks. — Brevity, however, must not imply slighting what is first-rate;—and that first-rate are the compositions of M. Heller we are reminded by his *Three Eclogues* (Op. 92, Schott), and his *Trois Nocturnes* (Wessel). The former are among the choicest specimens of his talent. That from to frequently exercising it in the same form mannerism must ensue and some freshness pass, is inevitable; but M. Heller keeps his fancies wonderfully distinct and fresh. He is not Chopin, still less Mendelssohn,—his treatment of the pianoforte is that of a Frenchified German (as was Heine,—as is, in other world, M. Meyerbeer),—yet still, individual Charming melody, with more interruptions and coquettishness than the Italians like,—harmony a little tormented now and then (as the French usage ordains), are to be found here in no common measure. The elegance of the first and third of these 'Eclogues' (the latter in a *barcarolle* time), and the *naïveté* of the second one,—the singular grace of the first 'Nocturne,'—tempt us to cancel all criticism in qualification.

In the *Compositions* by J. Derffel, 2 Sets (Cramer & Co.), more work than individuality, more resolution than result, are obvious. They are difficult to play at all, and next to impossible to play with grace,—and without grace there is no

playing—your foolish compliment are always robustine, in the *tempo*,—and the second "chorus." The piano (we have ex-*Mendelssohn* without *gibson* beyond words, but not but that the books set a *meral* put and thin a of among *compos* among *read*.

Next, *Perdus*, F. Goddard, written in airs with *jewels*, no skillful pen is the *work* which has a pianist's *last* thirty never. There is here so the ear un- The vari- revival. work of a but who has named as a treasury of which man of the future would like now and it claimed b

A pair of editions of "Plus Ultra" by Richard the value of rivalry. set of vari- *Ultra* is by its work—next as

With a enumeration Op. 30,— 40.—Bel—Carmen in the style of *taisne* *Br* M. Adolfo *Alemano* (Cocks & *Italiene* in the *left hand* eccentric forgoing show *Salon*; by Herr *compos* *Francesc* things to *Martha* *Andante* (Cocks & *three pi* mond &

playing—yet they are too good to be dealt with by halves. Sincerity is the due of sincere persons; the foolish and the false must rest content with compliments,—not, however, that sincere persons are always satisfied with such an allotment. There is robustness of phrase rather than freshness of idea in the first of the first set, an *Andante Sostenuto*,—animation with too little consistency in the second, an *Etude*.—The third calls itself a "Chorus." Wherever vocal effects are imposed on the piano (the violin can sing) there is mistake; as we have now said in regard to certain works by Mendelssohn and Prof. Moscheles. A "chorus without words" is the stretch of a modern neologism beyond permissible limits. The "Song without words," No. 1 of Set No. 2, is Herr Derffel's best number.—His *Scherzo*, No. 3, though tough, and but moderately playful, has figure and contrast. The talent, in short, displayed in these two books sets them above the common run of ephemeral publications; but its owner must mould and thin and proportion it during half-a-dozen sets of compositions before he comes to be numbered among real composers.

Next, we alight on three numbers of *Bijoux Perdus*, First Series, performed by Miss Arabella Goddard (Chappell & Co.), and with fingerings written in. This First Series is to consist of six airs with variations,—not all of them, however, lost jewels, nor treasure overlooked, ere their present skillful performer took them in hand. The first is the well-known air in a major, by Mozart, which has been played and replayed, and in every pianist's library of "treasures known," for the last thirty years. No. 2, Dussek's *Troubadour*, is newer. Though the air is familiar to every one, it is here so set up and set out as almost to escape the ear under its variegations of pause and accent. The variations are capital: this is a valuable revival. So is No. 3, Steibelt's *Air Russe*, the work of one, in his time reputed a flimsy man, but who had more to say than many a person since raised as a "dungeon of profundity."—There is a treasury of ideas in Steibelt's piano-forte *Sonatas*, which may be safely commended to any musician of the future, having no thoughts of his own,—who would like to disinter a phrase of melody every now and then. So that two-thirds of the first half of the First Series of this work merit the praise claimed by its title.

A pair of more substantial reprints are handsome editions of Woelfl's "Ne Plus Ultra" and Dussek's "Plus Ultra" (Cocks & Co.), fingered by Mr. Brinley Richards. There can be small question as to the value of these two *Sonatas*, written in professed rivalry. Woelfl's has the finger-tricks in his poor set of variations on "Life let us cherish"; Dussek's, the beauty of contrast and idea as music. "Plus Ultra" is a *Sonata*, which (like three or four others by its writer) may rank with the best of Clementi's—as next best to Beethoven.

With what remains we shall attempt little beyond enumeration. —*Guillaume Tell, Grande Fantaisie*, Op. 30.—*La Garde Monte, Marche Brillante*, Op. 40.—*Bellona, Grande Marche Triomphale*, Op. 43.—*Carmagnola, Morceau de Salon*, Op. 44 (somewhat in the style of a Mazurka).—*Martha, Grande Fantaisie Brillante*, Op. 45 (Wessel & Co.), are all by M. Adolphe Schlosser.—*Fantaisie sur un Thème allemand*,—*Première Idylle Rustique*, Op. 10 (Cocks & Co.), are by M. Leybach.—*Sérénade Italiennne*, Op. 44, with a struggle after originality in the different rhythms, given to the right and left hands (Ewer & Co.), is by that somewhat eccentric pianist, M. Alfred Jaell.—None of the foregoing pieces rise above the level of second-rate showy music of the newest school.—*Cadence de Salon*; why "cadence"? (Dover, Sutton & Potter), by Herr Schulthes, is like most of that gentleman's compositions, based on an elegant theme.—M. Francesco Berger can do, and has done, better things than we find in his *Fantaisies* on themes from the sickly "Luisa Miller" and little stronger "Martha" (Olivier).—Mr. W. V. Wallace contributes a *Fairy March*, a transcript of *Paganini's Andante Amoro*,—and *Twilight: a Romance* (Cocks & Co.). The last is by far the best of these three pieces.—Op. 35, by Mr. W. T. Best (Hammond & Co.), is a trilogy of three characteristic

pieces;—No. 1 being a Sevillian Serenade; No. 2 (the most to our liking), a *Nocturne*, reminding us somewhat of one of Mendelssohn's Venetian *Lieder*; No. 3, "Inquietude" *Caprice de Concert*. These are not of their kind so good as their writer's organ music.—*Morceau de Salon, alla Mazurka*, Op. 18 (Schott & Co.), is by S. W. Waley, and like most of the piano-forte music of that accomplished amateur, elegant in its ideas and their garniture. As in most of Mr. S. Waley's compositions, however, the player's left hand is reduced to an over-meek subordination.—"The Tear" (Kucken) has been transcribed for the piano-forte by Brinley Richards (Cocks & Co.).—*Marsiglia, Caprice Tarentelle*, dedicated to "Isabelle," by Gustav Bergen, is published for the author.—*The Parting Thought, a Romance sans Paroles*, the very old story too often told, is by T. B. Southgate (Jewell).—Mdlle. Jeanne Le Beau treats all parties of a gamesome and skipping disposition to a *Polka* (Lee), and has christened the same "Love in Idleness,"—another young lady, Mdlle. Marie M. Morris, has entrusted a set of *Valses Brillantes* to the press of Messrs. Boosey & Sons.—*Le Rendezvous, Nocturne*, is by that carefully-trained young singer, Mdlle. Fanny Puzzi.—This brings us to the bottom of the heap;—and on finding ourselves there, who could wonder were we to strike up the blythe old *bravura* in "The Duenna," "Adieu, thou dreary pile"?

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Buckstone's annual benefit, on Saturday, gave occasion to his usual address, which, perhaps, was more elaborately, but less successfully, witty than usual. 'The Contested Election' was performed on the occasion; and the Leclercq family appeared in a new ballet, entitled, 'Allhallow's Eve.' Mr. Buckstone took credit for the new pieces he had produced since last September, and particularly 'The World and the Stage,' 'Everybody's Friend,' 'The Contested Election,' the Christmas pantomime, and the Easter extravaganza. We were pleased to hear that his season had been profitable.

ADELPHI.—Mr. Byron is now the recognized leader in Burlesque, and on Monday contributed to this stage a new one, entitled, 'The Babes in the Wood.' The cruel deed, attempted by the uncle, who is here drawn as a fop, personated by Mrs. Mellon, is incited by an ambitious aunt (Mrs. Billington), who, like Lady Macbeth, becomes somnambulist. *Sir Rowland Macassar* and his wife (for so this remorseless pair are named) have certainly "a dreadful hand" with the children, who are represented by Mr. J. L. Toole and Miss Kate Kelly. They do not, however, perish in the wood, as in the ballad, but owe their preservation to a mysterious sort of ruffian named *Smith*, who turns out to be their father. Paul Bedford gave weight to this equivocal part, and in a contest with *Brown*, a more decided villain, pourtrayed by Mr. C. J. Smith, made much melodramatic sport by means of an eccentric combat. The birds are depicted as fairies. The scene representing the home of these "fairy-birds in the feather palliassé," was strikingly ingenious, and brought down the curtain with deserved applause. The burlesque was followed by a grand ballet, entitled, 'La Perle d'Andalousie,' in which the celebrated Petra Camara appeared in the grand Pas de la Manola, and was ably supported by a numerous Spanish troupe.

STRAND.—A new farce, entitled 'Quixote, Jun.,' by Mr. Leicester Buckingham, is an old friend with a new face, but gives opportunity for Mr. J. Clarke to be extravagantly funny. Mr. Byron here, too, meets us again with a new burlesque extravaganza, which was produced on Saturday with success. It is entitled, 'The very Latest Edition of the Lady of Lyons,' and contrives to place the Bulwerisms of the play in many ludicrous points of view. The puns are frequent, violent, and odd, and render the dialogue sometimes extremely piquant. Miss Charlotte Saunders, as *Claude Melnotte*, was not only efficient, but occasionally displayed traits of genius that were extraordinary. Miss Oliver was energetic in *Pauline*; and Mr. Rogers, in the *Widow Melnotte*, rejoiced in a re-

markable make-up and some grotesque dancing, that were extravagantly ridiculous. Mr. Clarke, as *Beauseant*, had also ample opportunities for fun, both in song and parody, and some exceedingly eccentric situations. The whole may be pronounced one of Mr. Byron's best burlesques.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC Gossip.—The tremendous weather of the past week has told, of course, on our public entertainments, though less in London than in Paris, where, we are informed, such things have happened as a theatre opening its doors to an audience absolutely no larger than the "dearly beloved Roger," who made up the Irish congregation of one person. Yet there have been a few concerts this week: one by Madame Rieder Schlumberger and Mdlle. Sophie Humler (the clever violinist) in company, and the last of the *Royal Italian Opera Concerts* under the burning cope of the Crystal Palace. It seems probable that this is their last season,—and indeed it is to be hoped so; since, while it has been impossible to produce any novelty at them, their recurrence has inevitably curtailed the days of preparation at Covent Garden Theatre, so indispensable to the production of novelties there. When the over-worked state of the artists, the short period of our season, and the fatigue caused by the enormous distances of London, are considered,—such distraction as these Sydenham concerts have caused can only be justified by the circumstances under which they were originated (for the purpose of keeping together Mr. Gye's company) under the pressure of difficulties, or by some extraordinary brilliancy of success.—Some attempt to vary the interest of these meetings is to be made, we see, to-day, when the flower of the *Drury Lane Italian Opera* company is to appear.

The thermometer, we conceive, is chargeable with the reduction of the *Drury Lane* pieces announced by Mr. Smith for his performances to come. It seems possible, too, that "the hand of fire" may lay its interdict on the production of 'Les Vépres Siciliennes,' which ought to have appeared long ere this, if the opera was to be of any value to the treasury during the present season.—Covent Garden Theatre has this week been giving 'Il Trovatore' (of which opera, we conceive, our public is beginning to tire). Its cardinal novelty—M. Meyerbeer's Breton opera—will be produced only on Tuesday next. We are told that the English version of it will be among the early autumn performances of Miss L. Pyne and Mr. Harrison's company at the same theatre, and that there is some idea of engaging M. Jules Stockhausen to sing the baritone part.

Mr. Litchfield desires to be heard in explanation:

"Inner Temple, July 14.

"In your remarks on an article on Vocal Music in the *Working Men's College Magazine*, you seem to assume that its author is one of the 'promoters' of the 'Tonic Sol-Fa Scheme.' Will you allow me, as the writer of the paper, to say that I am utterly unconnected with the movement and its promoters. The opinions I expressed are the result of a perfectly independent judgment, resting on convictions formed many years before hearing of the 'Tonic Sol-Fa' method. I must therefore demur to your strictures on the 'unpleasant mixture' of 'self-praise and controversy,' &c. I am a 'Spectator ab extra,' not a partisan.

"Yours, &c., R. B. LITCHFIELD."

An English version of M. Gounod's 'Faust' is in preparation.

Burns as Paris is just now "with fervent heat," and the little less feverish agitations of a peace, which some imagine more warlike than war, there is, nevertheless, talk about "what we are going to do during our winter campaign." Mesdames Borghi-Mamo, Alboni, and Penco are to be the leading ladies at the Italian Opera: how the first two will settle points of precedence not being mentioned. There is a chance, too, of Signor Mario singing there, since, it is now said, he will not go to St. Petersburg. Signor Tamberlik, whom we have heard too seldom in London this season,—is a certainty.

Mdlle. Cordier, a young lady of whom good expectations are entertained, is about to make her

appearance at the *Opéra Comique*, in Paris. It is said that Madame Cabel is to leave that theatre, which, for the moment will be felt as a loss; even though florid singers of a certain quality, and up to a certain excellence, seem to come in any required quantity from the *Conservatoire* and the school of M. Duprez.

Those who remember the criticisms of M. Berlioz in former years—those who have heard Madame Stoltz sing during later ones, will read with surprise, that in speaking of the probability of the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg's 'Diane de Solange' being given at the *Grand Opéra*, the journalist goes out of his way to recommend the lady as the best artist attainable. Such vagaries are of small consequence to those who have some knowledge of the world behind the scenes; but they are to be deprecated for the erroneous impressions produced in those who still put a lingering trust in journalism. When Madame Stoltz last appeared at the *Grand Opéra*, some three years ago, her voice was so entirely destroyed, that it sank a tone during the final cadence of the couplets of *Fides*, in 'Le Prophète.' This was habitual, and led to the conclusion of her engagement. Why will M. Berlioz oblige us to recall truths so little agreeable? From another clause in the same article we gather, that the sisters Marchisio are about to appear in a French version of 'Semiramide,' at the *Grand Opéra*. We cannot think the work in any respect suited to the theatre, the ways of whose managers, for the moment, seem to be inscrutable and without purpose.—M. Roger is about to leave the *Grand Opéra*; not, it is added, to return.

MISCELLANEA

Derivations of English Words.—On Dean Trench's assertion that "Hoyden" is derived from "Heathen," a Correspondent (J. D.) suggests that "Hoyden" is more probably from the Celtic *hoeden*, a flirt, a romping, merry girl; *hoedena*, to play the hoyden. The root *hoed* must have signified originally *life* (*hoedl* has still this meaning), and *hoeden*, or *hoyden*, is equivalent to 'the vivacious one,' or, *Anglice*, 'the lively one,'—the termination *en* being often used to express a single person of a class, as *had*, seed; *haden*, a single seed." The same Correspondent says of the word *lumber*, that it "need not be connected with the Lombards. The word, or its equivalent, is used among races to whom the Lombards were not so familiar as pawnbrokers are among ourselves. The Danish *lumpe*, Germ. *lumpen*, rags, trumpery, from which we derived the Dan. *lumperie*, Germ. *lumperei*, will furnish a better derivation. In our provincial dialects, *lumber* means mischief; and a heavy, lumbering fellow is one who strikes awkwardly against anything in his way. These various meanings find a common source in the Low German *lompen*, to strike or knock against a thing,—whence *lompe*, anything struck or torn off, rags, trumpery. In fact, it is impossible to explain the words of the English language without a competent knowledge of the Celtic and Low German languages,—particularly, in the latter class, the Lower Saxon and the Old Friesic."—Another Correspondent, "T. S. T.," writes on the word "Poach":—"To poach land, in Scotch, is to trample upon it, or work it while wet, so as to spoil it.—(cogn. *Botch*) make it into hard lumps—(cogn. *poche*, to give one a swollen eye; *poche*, to pucker up; *poche*, a pocket; *poach*, eggs). Hence, to poach land, or poach game, is to meddle with them in an improper manner, or at an improper time—wrongly or wrongfully, injudiciously or illegally. The primitive idea seems to be, to bundle or cram together, so as to raise up or thicken—to pack; *pack*, adj., and thick, in Scotland, mean close or intimate. The protuberance arising from packing may be considered from without or from within—*Bagge*, O. Eng., to swell; *Bag*, Scot., to distend; *Baggie*, swollen or thick."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—H. S.—H. C. R.—G. M.—F. R.—I. S. T.—A. B.—J. T.—T. M. R.—J. O'C.—received.

Errata.—P. 87, col. 3, line 3, for "new" read *full*; line 6, for "26° 5" read "26° 5"; line 9, for "last" read *first*.

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FROM THE WORKS OF

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WITH DESCRIPTIVE TEXT

By RALPH NICHOLSON WORNUM,

KEEPER AND SECRETARY, NATIONAL GALLERY.

In announcing the publication of a series of first-class Engravings from the Pictures of Joseph Mallord William Turner, who stands so decidedly at the head of English Landscape Painters, it is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to do more than mention the simple fact of their appearance, with the ordinary particulars of size, price, and time of issue, &c. The paintings of Turner have taken their place in the National Collection of England, and in the private galleries of his countrymen. Admiring and enthusiastic friends have waged a war of words with opposing critics and artistic contemporaries; but the genius of the painter is at last triumphant: his astonishing powers of creation and execution are now generally acknowledged, and even his eccentricities have found zealous defenders and able apologists. The contest upon his merits may now be considered as a matter of Art-history, and the immortality of his fame is established.

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Editorial Communications should be addressed to "The Editor"—Advertisements and Business Letters to "The Publisher"—at the Office, 14, Wellington-street North, Strand, London, W.C. Printed by JAMES HOLMES, of No. 4, New Ormond-street, in the county of Middlesex, at his office, 4, Tooke's-court, Chancery-lane, in the parish of St. Andrew, in said county; and published by JAMES FRANCIS, 14, Wellington-street North, in said county, Publisher, at 14, Wellington-street North aforesaid.—Agents: for SCOTLAND, Messrs. Bell & Bradfute, Edinburgh;—for IRELAND, Mr. John Robertson, Dublin.—Saturday, July 23, 1859.

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